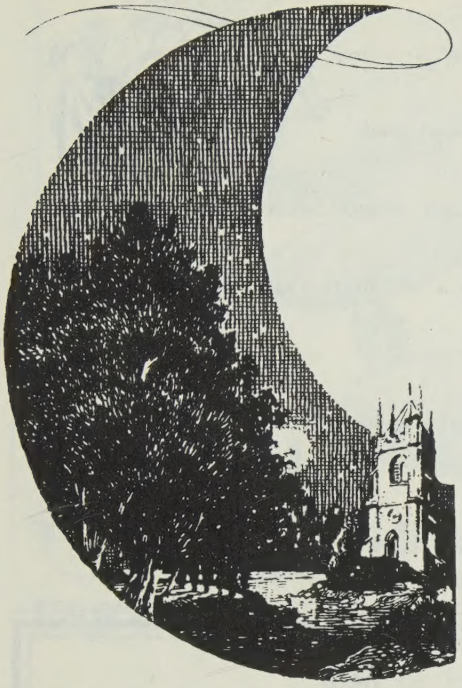
Peaceful Nights



WHEN day is done, how good it is to know that you will enjoy a night of deep, restorative sleep. To many thousands, refreshing sleep comes as a matter of course, helped by a regular bedtime cup of 'Ovaltine.'

Try a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' tonight and realise why it has a world-wide reputation as the ideal night-cap. It has a soothing influence on nerves, brain and body and quickly promotes the conditions favourable to sleep. While you sleep 'Ovaltine' provides easily digestible nourishment to help rebuild the energy and fitness you need for the new day.

It is for these reasons that 'Ovaltine' does so much to give you deep, refreshing sleep of the best kind.

Ovaltine

Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer

P690A

World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

13 WAY OF THE WORLD
Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, K.C.M.G.

20 THE FUTURE OF WESTERN EUROPE
Edouard Herriot

25 SOCIOLOGY COMES TO LIFE
Gordon Rattray Taylor

30 PROFILE (6) THE VERY REV. W. R. MATTHEWS, K.C.V.O., D.D., DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S
J. R. St. John

32 THE PAINTER WHO HOAXED THE WORLD
D. Scott-Moncrieff

37 CULTURAL MISSIONS IN MEXICO
Lilo Linke

41 THE THEATRE IN PARIS
Philip Carr

46 .... AND THE WORLD SAID!

48 ASPECTS OF MODERN PAINTING (10) Religious Art
Eric Newton

49 ART INSET

53 RELIGIOUS ART (Contd.)

55 GOETHE THE LONELY POET
Edward Shanks

60 FIFTY YEARS AGO

62 BOOK OF YESTERDAY:
Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, reviewed by Maurice Richardson

67 NEW BOOKS

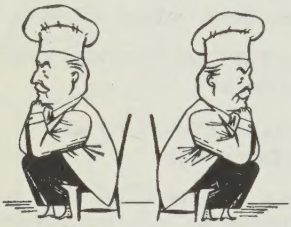
83 CROSS-SECTION

DECEMBER 1947. PROPRIETORS: REVIEW OF REVIEWS LTD. 43 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. CEN. 7400. *Published Monthly. Subscription rates: Inland 20s. 6d. p.a., 10s. 3d. for six months; Foreign 20s. p.a., 10s. for six months; Canada and Newfoundland, 19s. 6d. p.a., 9s. 9d. for six months; U.S.A. $4.75 p.a.*

MR. PEEK AND MR. FREAN

When children want biscuits, we both of us hate

To tell them they've got to be patient and wait.



We're very good friends with the fortunate few,

But we worry a bit all the same — wouldn't you?

(They were young themselves once)

By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.,
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

PEEK FREAN BISCUITS

You are asked to help

REED'S SCHOOL

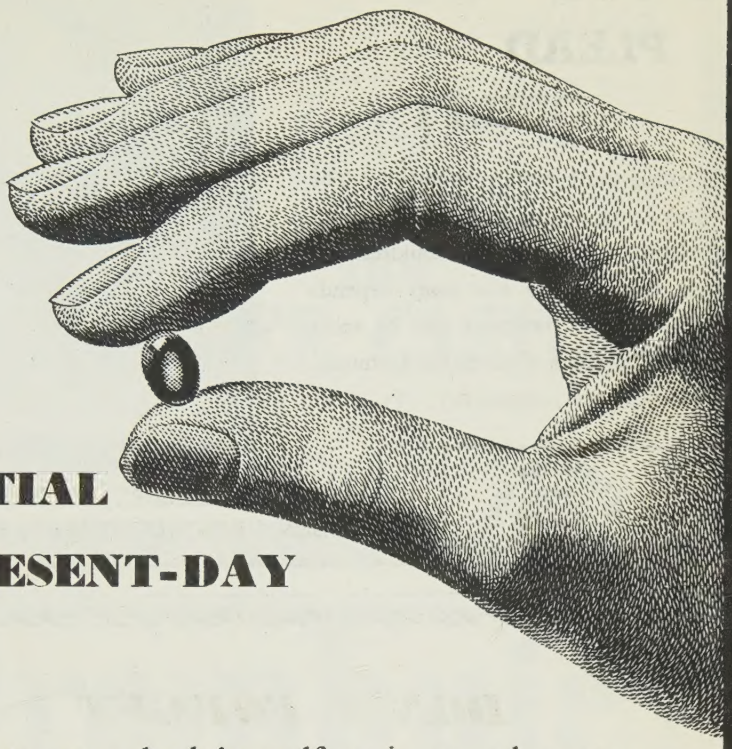
Fatherless children benefit particularly from a Boarding School education. At Reed's School (where no fees are charged), they receive education at the Grammar School level, and are helped in many other ways.

Reed's School is urgently in need of your assistance. If you would like to know more about the School, and the way in which children may enter, please write to the Secretary by whom donations will also be very gratefully received.

REED'S SCHOOL (London Orphan School and Royal British Orphan School), **32, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C 4**

PHILIP HORTON, *Secretary*

C20



ESSENTIAL TO PRESENT-DAY DIET

Imperative to your body's welfare is an adequate supply of those essential vitamins, A and D. You can take these two in concentrated and convenient form in Crookes Halibut Oil. Nowadays, as much as during the war, this is a wise precaution against diet deficiencies.

CROOKES
HALIBUT OIL
OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

FREE — an illustrated booklet showing you the relative vitamin values of your everyday foods. Write to The Crookes Laboratories Ltd., Dept.H259, Park Royal, London, N.W.10.

DO YOU PLEAD GUILTY . . .

to forgetting the happiness of others? The Salvation Army, will, as usual, bring a touch of Christmas to many young children and old folk this year—to *how many* depends upon *your* help. Christmas will be more enjoyable if you remember the less fortunate. Send your gift now, please, to

THE SALVATION ARMY
THE ONLY INTERNATIONAL ARMY

GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, C.B.E.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

DON'T FORGET

to take the empties back when you want some more S·D·I squashes and cordials, or you will be disappointed

S·D·I

New bottles are so scarce that supplies of soft drinks can only be maintained if an empty bottle is handed in for every full one taken out

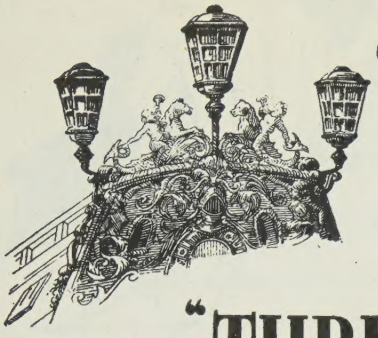
so it must be

S·D·I

BOTTLE for BOTTLE

Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1

CVS-72



Ships Lanterns

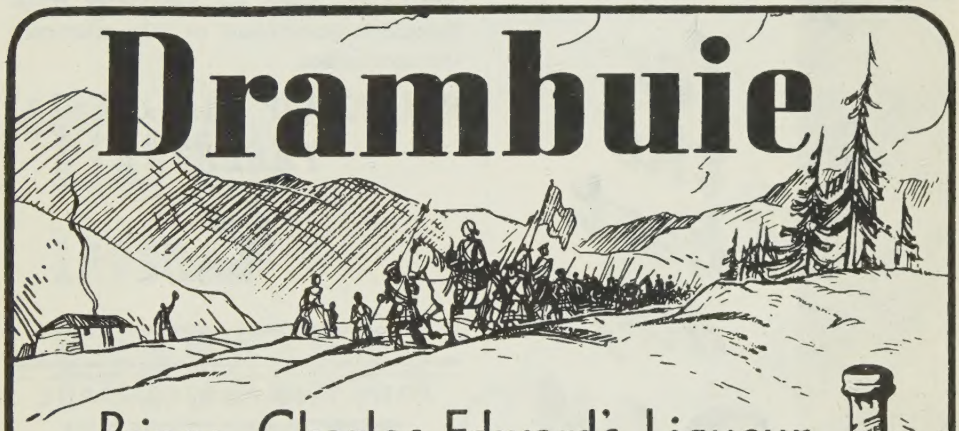
Stern lanterns, lit by a great many candles, were useful for keeping station and were a means of computing direction and speed of other vessels. The Great Lantern carried by the "Sovereign of the Seas" (1637), "would hold ten persons to stand upright without shouldering or pressing one another."

THE
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
20 for 3/8
MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd

TT2215

Drambuie



Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur

Drambuie has been made in Scotland since 1745 from the recipe of Prince Charlie's personal liqueur. It is nowadays a favourite throughout the world as a liqueur of subtle distinction and delicate flavour. Price in the United Kingdom is 41/- per bottle.

The Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd., Edinburgh

EST. 1863

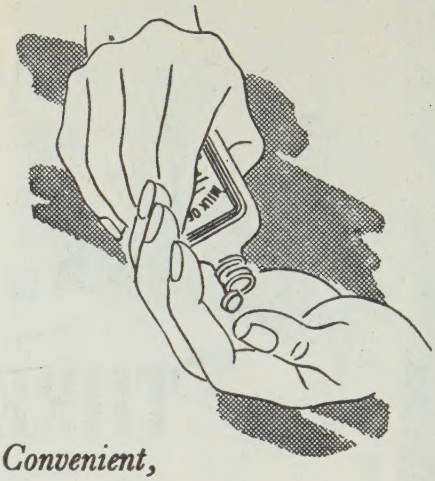
The First Cigar

for the best days

Don Garcia

FINE

B.I.



Convenient,

palatable,

effective . . .

'Milk of Magnesia'* Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Reg.)
TABLETS

* *Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

JOIN THE FUR CRUSADE

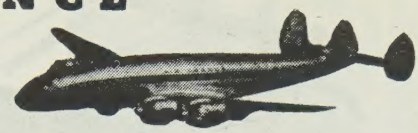
'How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?' These were Grey Owl's words to me.

Write for leaflet of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign, which names Furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Also tells you how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely. Funds needed for advts.

Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, South Kensington, S.W.10

6

AIR FRANCE



FAST, LUXURY FLYING *for the* LONG DISTANCE BUSINESS MAN

Latest type aircraft specially built for Air France; crews restricted to experienced officers with long service on world routes; exceptional cuisine "inherited" from the pre-war *Normandie*. No wonder Air France is popular amongst men who know their way around. Details of all services from your Travel Agent or from

Gold Plate Constellations
Constellations
Skymasters

TO
INDIA
HONG KONG
S. AMERICA
U.S.A.
TRINIDAD
EAST AFRICA
WEST AFRICA
MIDDLE EAST

AIR FRANCE, 52, Haymarket, London, S.W.1 *Whitehall* 0971. Manchester : Glasgow

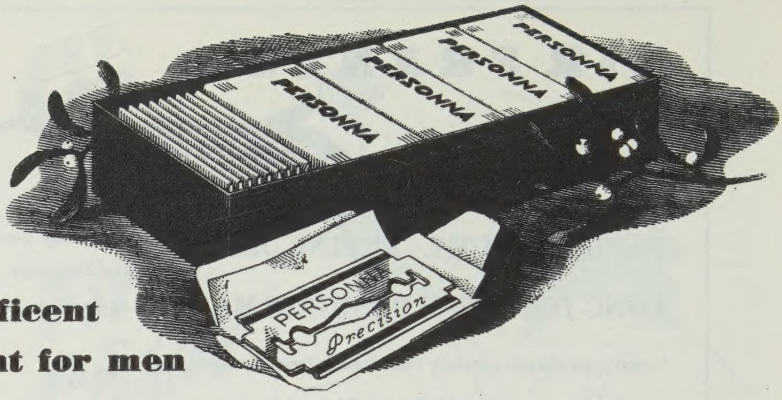
Fine sets these FERGUSON's

F 6

FERGUSON *Fine* RADIO for critical people

Issued by Thorn Electrical Industries Ltd., London

30 ★



A magnificent present for men

A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF THE FINEST RAZOR BLADES IN THE WORLD

Here is a brilliant gift suggestion—a year's supply of Personna Blades, the most superb shaving instruments ever devised. Made by master cutlers from selected steel. Rendered rust-resistant by the Krauman process Their extra keen edge is hollow ground. Each blade is leather-stropped and passes 17 rigid inspections before it leaves the factory. Each blade is specially wrapped to keep it in perfect condition. The Personna Gift Box contains 50 double-edged blades, sufficient for at least 365 magnificent shaves. The special outer carton carries address space—no paper or packing necessary. Available at the best barbers, chemists, and stores, for 25/- a box.

PERSONNA
PRECISION BLADES
Fine as a rare jewel

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX
INHALANT

Breathe the pleasant, fragrant vapour from your handkerchief

Of Chemists 2/3

V232 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

YOUR HELP IS WANTED!

To provide a happy Xmas for ALL the Old Age Pensioners and children in the Stepney district.

We URGENTLY need gifts of any kind—money, clothing, toys, etc. will be most welcome.

Send YOUR Gift to:

F. H. JARVIS, Superintendent

THE JOHN POUNDS MISSION

24 Wellesley Street, London, E.1

Stepney Green 3183

"Suddenly we got our materials . . . and found we'd neglected staff"

"YOU KNOW the trouble we had for months—couldn't get this, couldn't get that, couldn't get going . . . Well, suddenly our materials began to come through, and we found that *we* were at fault—we had a chance of real expansion, and we weren't ready with the executive staff we should need.

"Luckily, we were already in touch with our Regional Appointments Office, and I must say they impressed me. They found us three experienced men to take hold straight away.

"What struck me was the saving in time and trouble. No flood of letters, no crowds of unsuitable people to see—just a short list of *selected* candidates, and full information about them. After all, it's the logical way. With 14 Regional Appointments Offices all linked by teleprinter, you're offered what amounts to a national register of talent and experience. If the type of man or woman you want is there, they'll find him for you. And they've already done the preliminary interviewing and classifying. *All* the men I saw were good—it was just a question of picking the best. It seems to me a most practical help for any employer needing people for responsible jobs."

Since VE-day, the Appointments Department has successfully filled over 58,000 responsible posts. If you have a staffing problem, your Regional Appointments Office is ready to help.

For highly qualified technical and scientific personnel—engineers, scientists, architects, etc.—appointments are dealt with centrally, in London, by the specialist staff of the Technical and Scientific Register, York House, Kingsway, W.C.2. Temple Bar 8020.

14 linked Appointments Offices cover the Nation's potential executive manpower

Issued by the Ministry of Labour and National Service, Appointments Department, 1-6 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1

TWO WIZARD SMILES

BUT . . .

F/O FOOLISH *only cleans his teeth*

F/O WISE *safeguards his gums as well with S.R.*

Do you know that gum infection is more harmful than tooth decay and that 80% of the population suffer from gum trouble? That's why you must care for your gums as well as your teeth. See your dentist regularly and use S.R. Toothpaste. It contains sodium ricinoleate to strengthen gums against disease; and S.R. keeps teeth sparkling clean too!

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

1/4 *(inc. tax)*

GR 170-163-85

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1939)

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING
President—THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Council—PROFESSOR H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill. Our knowledge has so increased that the disease is now curable in ever greater numbers.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EXTENSION OF OUR WORK

Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £.....to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt.) at Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

'A good sportsman'

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP maintain and train some 1,000 boys and girls. Please help them in their efforts to coach these children to reach their goal of good citizenship.

164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

Patron: H.M. THE KING

The Government does not pay the Children's Family Allowance to Residential Homes.

LOUIS POIRIER & Co.

Wine & Cognac Merchants

Since 1858

65 FRITH STREET, LONDON, W.1

have limited quantities of French Wines to offer at Controlled prices.

Telephone: GERrard 6070

BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER!

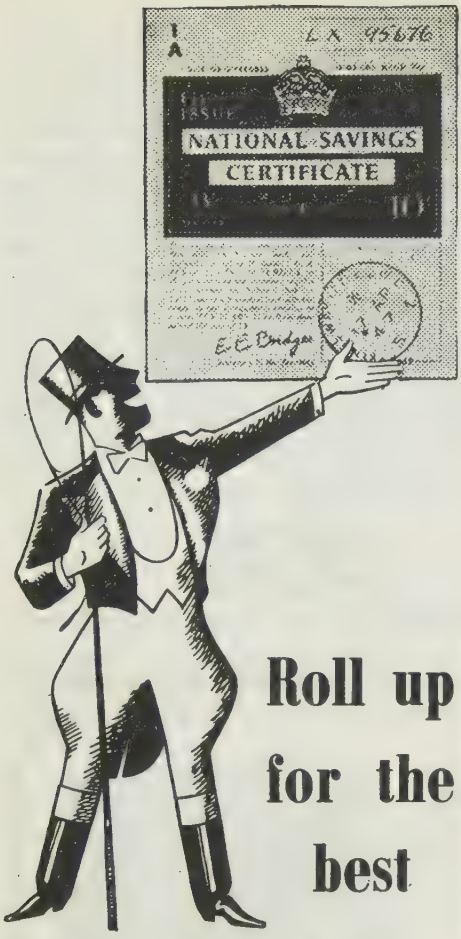
Take up now this ideal spare-time work. For 25 years Mr. Frank Potter, Principal of the London College of Authorship, has trained average men and women to earn spare-time incomes of £10 a week upward by his personal Postal Tuition in Article and Story Writing. Why not YOU?

¶ Learn just what things Editors want, how to write them, how to sell. Test free the most fascinating and paying spare-time work of this journalistic age.

¶ Write To-day for free Book and learn the Secrets of Successful Authorship. Write ('Free Book W.R., 33 please' on a postcard will do):

The London College of Authorship

(Dept. W.R.33), 3 Parkshott, Richmond, S.W.



Roll up for the best ten-bob buy!

These ten-bob Certificates are the goods all right — good for you and good for the Country, too! You'll be amazed how the money put by into savings mounts up if you buy Certificates regularly. It mounts up in another way too — for each 10/- Certificate becomes 13/- in ten years, an increase of 30% free of tax. How many can you hold? 1,000 — *in addition* to any you already hold of previous issues. So aim high! Every Savings Certificate you buy helps the Silver Lining Campaign.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

"the most enduring of good tobaccos"

April 8/47

"*Dear Sirs,*

"*During the course of my duties with the British Military Mission to Greece, in Macedonia I inspected a village near the Yugo-Slav border which had been razed to the ground by a guerrilla band.*

"*In a corner of one of the mud dwellings, amongst some goatskins, I espied two or three tins of your delicious Punchbowle. Being a votary of that famous brand, I seized upon it with delight and was gratified, later, to find it as fresh and cool as ever. I suppose I shall never know by what curious turn of Fate they came to be there.*

"*I have no objection to your using this letter, for I felt I must write to tell you of yet another instance where Barneys has proved itself the widest travelled and the most enduring of good tobaccos.*"

This letter from a Captain serving with the VIII Greek Division can be verified at the Barneys Bureau, 24 Holborn, E.C.1)

Barneys

296 **Barneys** (*medium*), **Punchbowle** (*full*), **Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*).

Made by John Sinclair Ltd. Newcastle-on-Tyne

another rush job!

The Surveyor is busier than ever these days — people seem to think he can be in two places at once! Essential workers doing vital jobs to make Britain prosperous again can't afford to waste time — they must have reliable transport. With a Ford, they can rely on Ford Service Facilities to keep their cars always in first-class running order. Whether it's general maintenance or spares or repairs that are needed, Ford Dealers — with Dagenham-trained mechanics — give prompt service at low fixed prices. That's why a Ford is the ideal car for to-day's essential motoring.

PREFECT 10 h.p. ANGLIA 8 h.p.

Ford

CONSTANT IN PERFORMANCE

MADE AT DAGENHAM IN ESSEX, ENGLAND

FIRST OF THE NEW MODELS

PYE

K47C Mains Transportable

• Entirely self-contained with built-in Aerial giving excellent performance on all three wavebands • 10″ Moving Coil Loudspeaker • Pye 'Tonemaster' providing special adjustment of tone • Pye 'Flywheel Tuning' for quick easy Station selection • Pick-up and extension Loudspeaker Sockets • Attractive Walnut Cabinet of modern design • Outstanding value for money.

Designed in the Pye Laboratories at Cambridge Model K47C is a 5 valve, 3 waveband, mains superhet. Price £26 . 15 . 10 including Purchase Tax.

MADE IN CAMBRIDGE

The centre of scientific research

PYE LIMITED · RADIO WORKS · CAMBRIDGE

The Way of the World

SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART, K.C.M.G.

As the division of Europe becomes more clearly marked, two tendencies have manifested themselves with increasing vigour during the past month. In Western Europe Communism has declined. Our own municipal elections are in themselves no adequate proof, for, although Communism here works in more mysterious and more dangerous ways than through the medium of the feeble British Communist Party, Britain is an adult country and, as Karel Čapek wrote, adult countries are not easily deceived by specious doctrines. But the result of recent elections in France, in Norway, and particularly in Denmark, where, in spite of an economic crisis, the Communist vote fell from 255,000 to 141,000, is encouraging, and but for the fear of Russia which prevails on the other side of the Channel in a degree not fully realised by most Englishmen, I should be prepared to accept Mr. Walter Lippmann's assertion that the Russians have already lost the ideological war in Western Europe.

Conscious of this failure and perhaps already determined on a division of the world into spheres of influence, the Russians have been increasing their pressure on all their satellites and even on the Czechoslovaks whom hitherto they have left in comparative freedom. The Czechs, as distinct from the Slovaks, are Westerners by tradition and culture. They cherish their own democratic way of life, and they would like to be on good terms with both East and West. But their geographical position is precarious. To many of them Munich remains an historical obsession like the Battle of the White Mountain, and when they think in terms of strategical security, even the most rabid anti-Communists rely on Russia. Nor can it be denied that Soviet influence in the Czech lands has benefited greatly from the still unexplained Allied blunder which allowed the Russian armies to liberate Prague when General Patton's army was almost at the gates.

The Slovaks, who have always had autonomist ambitions, have been up to now in the dangerously happy position of having a strong anti-Communist majority, and in the May elections of 1946 the Slovak Democratic Party—a coalition of Agrarians and Catholics—polled over sixty per cent of votes. The Party, not wholly free from the taint of collaboration with the Germans during the war, has never been popular with the Czech Communists or, for that matter, with President Beneš's National Socialist Party.

Characteristically enough, ever since the Marshall Plan was first mooted, the Russians have been coercing both Czechs and Slovaks by different methods. The creation of the Cominform has disturbed the unity of the so-called national front in the Czech lands. At the same time the Russians have been using the Czech Communists to undermine

the strength of the Democratic Party in Slovakia. Several of its members have already been arrested on a charge of alleged treason, and Communist-inspired changes have been made in the Slovak Board of Trustees which functions as a provincial government. Although in their dislike of Slovak separatist tendencies the anti-Communist Czechs seem to have tolerated these undemocratic methods, it is significant that the Czech Communists have made no attempt to destroy the existing pattern of Slovakia's autonomy. In these curious and, let me say, characteristically un-Czech tactics, the Czech Communists have probably gained a freer hand from the illness of President Beneš during the summer and from the absence abroad of M. Jan Masaryk. Both the President and M. Masaryk enjoy an immense popularity and their influence is not to be underestimated. But they have a difficult situation to face, and for the moment it looks as if the Russians can call the tune. They can destroy the Slovak Democratic Party by methods similar to those employed in Bulgaria, Rumania and Poland. By encouraging Communist separatism in Slovakia they can, if they wish, disintegrate the Czechoslovak state. These fears may be exaggerated, for the Czechs have a traditional sense of realism and solidarity. But the increase of Russian pressure is disturbing because there will be a general election in Czechoslovakia next spring, and without Russian pressure the Communists might well suffer a setback.

The Communist Myth

INDEED, temporarily at any rate, Russian influence in Central and Eastern Europe is paramount by the sheer weight of Russia's geographical proximity. At the same time we shall be wise not to minimise the complete subservience to Moscow of the local Communist Parties in the satellite countries, and personally I think that both the Americans and we ourselves do wrong to assume that Moscow speeches are addressed solely to Russian audiences. It is perhaps the main strength of Russian Communism that out of its dogma it has been able to create a myth which is akin to a religious faith and which defies rational criticism. The Russians boast that Communism is based on ideals for which its adherents are ready to make every sacrifice including death, whereas the Anglo-American way of life revolves round economics and money for which no one is prepared to die. Twice in twenty-five years Britain has paid in the blood of her youth the greatest premium in history for the assurance of her own way of life and of Western democracy. The fallacy of the Russian argument is therefore obvious, but the Europe of today affords many proofs of its efficacy. In all the satellite countries there are Communists who accept all Moscow says as holy writ, and even in Czechoslovakia Moscow has ready to hand fanatics far more subservient and far more dangerous than the placid M. Gottwald and the amiable M. Klementis.

Two Europes and a Policy

RECENT developments in Europe tend to show that, if Russia cannot have collaboration with her former Allies on her own terms, she will withdraw into aggressive isolation and, as a correspondent of *The Times* recently wrote, 'spit defiance at the capitalist world.' The phase of war co-operation, dictated by the danger of defeat and extinction, is clearly ended, and a return to the old policy of Communism in one state or behind one iron curtain seems indicated.

Belgrade—home of the Cominform. Do the statues symbolise the relationship between Eastern Europe and the West?

In spite of Stalin's occasional reiterations of his belief in the ability of the Communist lion to live in peace and friendship with the capitalist lamb, it seems a policy well suited to the mentality of the Politbureau. Since Potsdam the Iron Curtain has been greatly extended and now embraces a huge area, the economic organisation of which should keep Russia busy for many years to come. And at the moment Russia, whose standard of living is woefully low, is actively interested in reconstruction. The successful fulfilment of this policy should also allay those fears, real or propagandist, which from time to time she professes to feel for her security. Indeed, apart from its appeal to the Russians, it seems to me the only practical policy short of an aggressive war by Russia for world Communism. Collaboration in the sense of world government under a more powerful UNO is at present a Utopian dream. Patching the torn coat of Yalta and Potsdam is no remedy. Diplomacy can do no more. Our Embassy in Moscow is isolated, and in choosing an ambassador for this difficult post Mr. Bevin has to decide not what its occupant can do, but how much he can stand.

After making due allowance for another political *volte-face* by the Russians who are always capable of turning a complete somersault without discomfort, I therefore assume that the Conference of the Foreign Ministers will fail, that Europe will be divided, that instead of one Germany we shall have two Germanies, and that we shall have no other choice and no other policy than to go ahead with the building up of Western Europe on new lines.

As a *pis aller* it is a policy which has great practical possibilities. Admittedly, Western Europe is going through a difficult period, but the problem is, speaking comparatively, a short-term

one, and the combined resources of the countries concerned, comprising African and Empire raw materials as well as European, should ensure all the conditions of economic prosperity. Add to these assets the experience and tactical skill of Western Europe, plus the aid of the United States which has a vital interest in the rehabilitation of Western Europe, and we have a unit out of which we should be able to build that kind of middle-of-the-way world between America and Russia which geography seems to have designed for us. The initial stages will require not only careful planning, but also the most tactful diplomacy. In including Western Germany, we shall have to take every precaution to ensure that the Germans shall never again be in a position to menace the security of Europe. While Denmark and Holland are not averse to a revival of trade with a rehabilitated Germany, every nation which suffered occupation has a wholesome dread of a German military revival, and is today highly suspicious of alleged American intentions to build up Germany as a bulwark against Russia. Unless the greatest care is taken to allay these suspicions, the whole policy will be wrecked from the start.

Success, too, depends on a better understanding by Western Europeans of American mentality. Even in this country there has been a tendency to blame the United States for our present financial difficulties, to suspect the motives of American aid to Europe, and to show the rankest ingratitude for the generous help which has already been given. Public expression of these sentiments has already given great offence in the United States where isolationism, if not active, is never dead.

The attitude of the other Western European countries towards the United States is more complex and differs considerably from our own. Fear of Russia, which is deep rooted, is a complication. But, by and large, the chief handicap to a better understanding is lack of confidence in America's understanding of Europe. There is a widespread feeling that Americans show little grasp of European problems, do not realise that conditions vary widely in the different states, and are inclined to form judgment on the most superficial knowledge. Another pre-occupation is the volatileness of the American character, and this leads to a very real anxiety lest in the year of a presidential election all the good intentions of the Americans may be frustrated by a political standstill. Admittedly, the speed of American methods is bewildering to Europeans who are not impressed by the ability of American Congressmen to assess the political and economic problems of a country during a visit of three days. Nor is it easy for Europeans to follow the rapid changes of American conclusions from one extreme to another, or to understand why, in September, the American press was certain that all Europe was going Communist and a month later was convinced that the Russians had lost the battle in Western Europe. This is unfortunate, for, if the Americans are given to premature judgments, the Europeans themselves are guilty of long-standing prejudices. One of these prejudices is that America is steeped in materialism, whereas it is a truism to state that today there is more genuine and more disinterested idealism among the American people than is to be found in any European nation. If there were not, there would have been no lease-lend. What is wanted, I think, is a better presentation in Europe of the American point of view, and I am glad to learn that this was the one unanimous

conclusion of the Herter Committee which visited Europe this autumn.

Another essential condition for the success of this policy is unity of purpose in Britain itself. I do not doubt that it will be forthcoming in large measure, but there is a section of the Labour Party which believes that more Socialism is the cure for all economic ills, which still clings to the chimera that a totalitarian Britain will lead not only to an understanding with Russia but to economic prosperity for Britain and which, therefore, consciously or unconsciously, puts Socialist theory before the immediacy of national recovery.

The Future of Pan-Slavism

THE policy is likely to come more from the pressure of events than from design and is, in fact, the inevitable alternative to the present deadlock with Russia. Indeed, with the passage of time it may open up new possibilities for an understanding with the Soviet Union. For if Western Europe can be established as a strong and healthy economic unit, there should be not only a recovery of confidence but ample opportunity for trade between the two spheres and between the individual countries in the two spheres. And it is, above all, confidence which Western Europe needs. There is a tendency in the small countries of Western Europe to assume weakness in the West and great strength in the East. No one knows if that strength exists, because no material exists for a reliable estimate. For the moment Russia is strong because she is close to a centre of great weakness. But human affairs are mutable, and neither Russia nor any other Power can bend the world to her own wishes. It is still an open question whether her real desire is world domination or security for her own internal development, and

CHRISTIAN HERTER, *head of the Committee of American Congressmen, which recently visited Europe to assess her economic needs*

in both alternatives the personal security of her personal rulers may well be a factor. It is even permissible from a long-term point of view to speculate on how long she will retain her hold on the smaller Slav countries. She has certainly spared no effort to bind them to her by strategic, cultural and economic ties, and through Communism she has succeeded in suppressing, temporarily at least, long-standing tribal hatreds. But Pan-Slavism, for all its vogue today, has never been very popular among the small Slav nations. I am interested to find that M. Albert Mousset, the great French Slav expert, has raised these same doubts. 'The Slav peoples,' he writes, 'have an atavistic propensity to oppose all organised power. They have inherited this propensity from a long past of slavery which set Poland against Tsarism, Bohemia, Slovenia, and Croatia against the Habsburgs, Slovakia against the Hungarians, and the Bulgars and Serbs against the Ottoman Empire.

GEORGES BONNET, *ex-French Foreign Minister. His memoirs throw fresh light on Russia's attitude at Munich*

One finds its survival in the struggle waged by the Croats against Belgrade and by the Slovaks against Prague.' He goes on to ask himself whether this instinct of revolt is dead and whether it will not one day turn against the master of the hour, Russia. 'Liberation,' he writes, 'is a debt like others, and in the end it oppresses. The Tsar Alexander II liberated Bulgaria, but it did not prevent that country from abstaining from diplomatic relations with Russia during half of its existence as an independent state.' His conclusion is that in international life ingratitude is the first manifestation of sovereignty.

This may be very wishful thinking, but is merely one indication of the numerous problems which beset Russia today. Fear is a bad counsellor, and it is high time that we had a policy of our own and pursued it with vigorous confidence instead of contributing by abortive appeasement to the prolongation of chaos and delay which, in spite of the soothing words of M. Molotov to Mr. Zilliacus, one cannot help suspecting is the real motive behind Russia's policy. If M. Molotov has been misjudged, if he really desires a settlement—and every settlement of course involves some compromise—he has only to say the word in the proper quarter. And anyone who has had any experience of Russia since 1917 knows that, when they mean business, the Russians have an almost Habsburgian respect for diplomatic etiquette and procedure.

Mr. James Byrnes and M. Georges Bonnet

MANY people in this country are reading Mr. Jimmie Byrnes's *Speaking Frankly*. It is well worth reading, for Mr. Byrnes is an accurate narrator of events. He began his period of office as Secretary of State as an appeaser of Russia, and if later he stiffened in his attitude, he proves clearly that he had good reason for so doing. He took part in the making of history, and his record is not only frank but strictly truthful. I do not think that his peace plan is feasible, but his intentions are undoubtedly pacific.

On the other hand, few British subjects have read the literary output of M. Georges Bonnet. He, too, has made history and, as France's Foreign Minister, played a leading rôle in the events which led up to the recent world war. He has already written one book of memoirs, *From Washington to the Quai d'Orsay*, in which he presents his case with skill and great plausibility, and, if he omits much that might be damaging to himself, publishes authentic documents hitherto unrevealed and distinctly embarrassing to other European statesmen.

In an article on the Franco-Russian negotiations of 1938–9 he throws new

light on Russia's attitude before and during Munich. One reason why Russia enjoys special prestige among the Czechoslovaks and many other opponents of the Munich policy is the widespread belief that, in September 1938, Russia was prepared to give military aid to Czechoslovakia but was rebuffed by Anglo-French negotiations.

M. Bonnet's story is that in June 1938 he asked M. Litvinov at Geneva how Russia could help Czechoslovakia in the case of her being attacked. M. Litvinov replied that his Government refused to consider forcing a passage for Russian troops, because it did not wish war with Rumania or Poland. He added that, as France had better relations with Warsaw and Bucharest, she might easily obtain a right of passage.

M. Bonnet immediately sounded both Poland and Rumania and received a categorical refusal. The negotiations continued through the summer of 1938, but made no progress.

On 31 August M. Bonnet telegraphed to the French Embassy in Moscow: 'I beg you to ask M. Litvinov in what conditions Prague can count on Soviet aid.' The French *Chargé d'Affaires* saw M. Litvinov on 2 September. The substance of M. Litvinov's reply was that he saw only one practical issue—recourse to the League of Nations. He added that he excluded altogether the good will of Poland, but that, on the advice of the League of Nations, Rumania might consent to the passage of Russian troops.

Back goes M. Bonnet to the Rumanians who again refuse.

Finally, on 21 September, M. Litvinov said that Russia was ready to fulfil all her engagements according to the Pact and to lend assistance to Czechoslovakia at the same time as France by all disposable means. But he added that the League must meet 'in order to clarify the position of certain other states whose passive assistance might be extremely precious.' In other words, Russian aid was still contingent on free passage through Rumania or Poland. M. Bonnet's argument is that in 1938 France could not count on Russia's support because the preliminary condition of this support was never realisable.

He ends his article with a quotation from a broadcast by Stalin on 3 July 1941, to explain why the Soviet Government had concluded a pact of non-aggression with Hitler and Ribbentrop. Stalin declared that no nation desirous of peace could set aside a peaceful agreement with a neighbouring power provided that the agreement in no way affected the territorial integrity, independence and honour of the state desirous of peace. 'Well,' he went on, 'the Pact of non-aggression between Germany and the U.S.S.R. was exactly an understanding of this nature. What have we gained? We assured to our country peace for a year and a half as well as the possibility of preparing for our defence in the event of Fascist Germany being tempted to attack our country in violation of the Pact. It was a very clear advantage to us and a disadvantage to Fascist Germany.'

M. Bonnet's conclusion is that, if Russia admits she was not ready in 1939 when she could have counted on Poland and Rumania, how much less ready was she a year sooner?

M. Bonnet may not be a reliable witness, but some of the evidence which he adduces will be difficult to deny or even to explain except by the usual methods of violent propaganda and denunciation.

EDOUARD HERRIOT, *veteran French statesman, photographed in his study at Lyon*

THE FUTURE OF WESTERN EUROPE

EDOUARD HERRIOT

I HAVE been asked by *World Review* to give my opinion on 'The Future of Western Europe'. I admit quite freely that the declaration of the *Movement for a United Europe*, recently signed by Mr. Winston Churchill, M. Paul van Zeeland and myself, in favour of the Sixteen Nations' Conference, is not enough to solve a problem which is present everywhere. Recently the *New Statesman and Nation* recommended a customs union of Western Europe, the British Empire and Dominions, in the hope that such a union would bring in the countries of Eastern Europe, including the U.S.S.R., since the agricultural economies of the East and the industrial economies of the West are by nature complementary to one another. But such a proposition must itself be elucidated and analysed. It seems to be contradictory, and we are at present in the middle of a very real confusion in which the points regarding the organisation, both political and economic, of Europe, are likely to be obscured.

Let us try, by analysis, to reach some sort

of clear idea. We cannot thank President Truman enough for his efforts towards aiding Western Europe, in particular France, Italy and Austria, and in asking a credit of five hundred million dollars for this task—this even before the application of the Marshall Plan. Our Foreign Minister declared that, from now on, France would need about a hundred million dollars per month.[1] But it does not seem that the problem of aid to France is on the way to a speedy solution; it seems to us in France that Congress is showing reluctance, and that the formalities will take a long time. At the same time there are important statements in preparation and a number of investigations have been completed. According to certain indications, the opinion of the Democrat Senator Cox would be favourable to Europe, whilst that of the Republican Deputy Christian Herter is rather hostile. However, the special session of Congress called by President Truman will elucidate the whole position.

In the meantime, Mr. Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of UNO, places at about five thousand million dollars the financial deficit of the sixteen European nations for the year 1947.

We must content ourselves for the moment with the knowledge that the interviews of M. Bidault with President Truman and Messrs. Lovett, Clayton and Anderson, have been friendly. We understand the prejudices of the Americans who are also watching the rise in the cost of living and hold exports responsible for it; we do not believe in the existence of magic stocks which can be drawn upon indefinitely. Before the plan formulated by Mr. Marshall (who also deserves our deep gratitude for his daring initiative which has aroused so much hope) is actually put into application, it appears that we must resort to provisional measures based on expediency. Actually, the problem of Western Europe has not yet been put in its full reality, and it is more of a hypothesis which we have to examine than a definite economic and political plan. We are faced by a nebulous problem whose aspects are continually changing, and we should bear this in mind when examining it.

Peace is Indivisible

I still maintain that a true peace should be international. That was the promise given us during the war. The League of Nations, following immediately upon the Treaty of Versailles, was formed on this idea. Nobody defended more forcibly this idea of a single, indivisible peace than the Soviet delegate, M. Litvinov, during his memorable intervention on the eve of the Munich Conference.

That fact is well worth noting! The League of Nations came nearer achieving this ideal than UNO has—up to the present, anyway. It is indisputable that Geneva was paralysed by the absence of the United States, by the attitude of Germany and, at one time, by the abstention or even hostility of the Soviets. Despite these gaps, the League drew up the famous Pact. I will not dwell on the Protocol suggested by France in 1924 since I was myself the originator of it. But, at the time of the Abyssinian affair and the revolt of Fascism against international law, the stirring address of Sir Samuel Hoare allowed the re-establishment of a measure of common agreement. I was present at those pitiful sessions. Despite the existence of interests which were frequently very pressing, the assembled nations understood and asserted the necessity of ending the unjustified claims of certain states (those documents deserve re-reading), and it was not the League of Nations which fell short. It was certain public figures who failed. Every right-thinking person may well ask himself what would have happened had international law been respected. It was a check to Italian Fascism. It was, at the same time, a warning to Nazism which would never have grown so arrogant and so dangerous, had it not been for the hesitation and the backing-out of the great powers.

Today, as then, we believe that only an international organisation can secure world peace.

[1] Recent events in America since this article was written have increased the prospect of early interim aid to France. 21

It will be said, however, that the Soviet attitude at the moment makes such an international peace impossible. Mr. Churchill brought out this point in his recent speech denouncing the misuse of the veto. In fact, the recent debates on the election of the Security Council have created an almost scandalous impression. The setting-up of the International at Belgrade will be, as M. Bidault has said, 'one more obstacle to the co-operation of the nations and the settlement of the peace'. To repeat a statement of the French Socialist Party, Russia will, from now on, take for granted 'the division of the world into two blocs', an act implying open opposition to the Western democracies, against America, and 'hostile to a true international democracy'. In choosing Belgrade as the site of the new Bureau of Information, Communism appears to be throwing down a challenge to Western Europe and, at the same time, directing its spearhead towards her. Great Britain and Mr. Bevin, together with France, are expressly included in the new excommunication. We can read the Warsaw Declaration: 'Two camps are now formed in the world; on one side there is the imperialist and anti-democratic camp . . . on the other the anti-imperialist and democratic camp.' If these positions have been taken up definitely, then we may despair of the peace. It is important that the responsibility for this break, so serious a one for history, should be sufficiently and conclusively established. National pride must not enter into a matter of this magnitude. It is necessary that we should know whether it is a case of an accidental misunderstanding, of a war of nerves, or whether it is an opposition which is doomed to become permanent. I know the wisdom of a man like Mr. Bevin and I like to believe that, like myself, he acknowledges the necessity of trying everything to avoid aggravation and, if possible, to resolve this formidable conflict. The end at stake justifies whatever patience and temper it may cost us.

If the world and Europe divide into two definite camps, the Russian camp claiming to be the anti-imperialist and democratic one (and there would be a lot to say about these definitions), the necessity of finding combinations which will assure peace will become obvious. It is this assumption which brings in the idea, which to my mind is very inopportune, of Western Europe considered as a political group.

Once again we will make a careful analysis. I would say that such a conception as that suggested by the *New Statesman and Nation* tends to create a group designed to offset the influence of the other groups. I also note that, at Lake Success on 7 October, Sir John Boyd Orr, Director of the Food and Agricultural Organisation, after having stated that the population of the world is increasing whilst its production is still inadequate (are we returning to the theories of Malthus?), said that if Europe cannot be treated as a whole, plans will have to be thought out for Eastern Europe, for the Middle East, and for Asia.

Future of Germany?

This statement by Sir John Boyd Orr should enlighten us. If a Western Europe is formed, there will obviously follow the formation of an Eastern Europe which includes Czechoslovakia and Poland and

EDOUARD HERRIOT, *now in his seventy-sixth year, is France's most respected 'elder statesman'. During his long career of public work he has been three times Prime Minister of France and has been Mayor of Lyon since 1905. At one time a University Professor, he is a writer of distinction, his books including* The New Russia, France in the World *and* The Wellsprings of Liberty. *He recently attained the high honour of election to L'Académie Française, of which there are only forty Members. This summer, as President of the Chamber of Deputies, he came to England as the guest of the House of Commons. Put under protective custody in 1940 for resisting the Armistice and interned by the Germans in 1943, the total experience of this great Frenchman in the last thirty years enables him to speak on European problems with an authority that few possess.*

reaches into the Balkans. At the same time, account will have to be taken of other governments outside Europe. In this case, what would be the rôle of Britain and France, both of whom have interests throughout the world? Whatever happens, the points of friction are bound to multiply. So we shall come back to the doctrine of the balance of power, a doctrine which has in the past been responsible for so many wars and which the League of Nations and the Atlantic Charter have each in turn tried to destroy. It would plainly be a reactionary step.

We will take our analysis even further. What is understood by Western Europe? A group excluding or including Germany? Without Germany, with her sixty or seventy million inhabitants and her position in Europe, the strength of such a group would be considerably reduced and its future would be endangered from the start. Germany would assume the function of an arbitrator, which she tends to adopt already, in our present troubles and wavering. That she might go in one direction or the other would always be a threat to the delicately poised balance. She would be the winner in the game. She has already scored some points in that direction!

The problem is no less grave if Germany is included. Hitler's country remains oddly mysterious. The pacifists, of whom I am one, wish fervently that, converted by her defeat and conscious of her still unnumbered crimes, she would at last consent to become an integral part of a democratic Europe. That is the goal at which we aimed at the end of the first war and since the Conference of London in 1924. But we were cruelly deceived. The optimism of our American friends who made us accept in turn the Dawes Plan, the Young Plan, the Hoover moratorium, the Lausanne Conference, has been contradicted by the facts. When the moment came, it took a terrible sacrifice of men and material to meet the danger into which we were hurled by our long lack of foresight. Is there any reason to hope that the Germany of Hitler will be changed more easily than the Germany of William II? What will be the action of a youth which we have seen inculcated with the Nietzschean fanaticism of the Nazis? What reactions will there be to the punishment—the necessary punishment—of the guilty leaders? Legend is much more dangerous than history. Perhaps Hitler dead is more to be feared than Hitler living.

In any case, how could any sensible person envisage the reorganisation of Europe when we are still awaiting the signing of the treaties with Germany and Austria? Let us not forget that we are still not at peace. What will be the German attitude with regard to Soviet Russia? Will a National Communism follow a National Socialism? Russia, by occupation, has carried out a conversion up to the Oder. We of the West—Dutch, Belgian, French—we remain exposed, with our frontiers still bloody from the war.

Functional Re-organisation

These considerations naturally lead us to regard the subject with caution and reserve. It appears that Mr. William Clayton, American Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, was hopeful, when he returned from Europe, of re-establishing trade relations between the West and East of Europe. In the Soviet Union itself, *Pravda* states that there would be no question of re-forming the old Communist International. 'To return to the Comintern would be,' it says, 'going backwards and not forwards.' At the moment we are in utter confusion. UNO is working in a tunnel closed at both ends.

But if today there is little cause for optimism, let us not renounce what there is in order to sanction a division of Europe. We recall that Hitler, when he recognised the impossibility of benefiting Germany by conquest, inaugurated propaganda in favour of a European plan. At that time I was his prisoner and was able to follow this campaign in the German press. The memory of this arouses some misgivings in my mind.

Moreover, a union of Western European

states at the present time would be nothing but a gathering of ailing countries, exhausted by the war. *The wisest thing is to proceed by easy stages, to allow them to reorganise themselves and to give them aid.* It is too easily forgotten that Great Britain, the Netherlands and Belgium were in varying degrees battlefields in the struggle. How many French cities—Caen, Rouen, Orléans, and many others—how many villages, have been reduced to almost nothing? The town of which I am mayor, which is not one of the worst damaged, had twenty-three of its twenty-five bridges destroyed by the Germans, not to speak of wrecked railway stations and ruined houses. We lack not only money but materials for reconstruction, iron, steel, and coal.

First of all, the martyred nations must be brought back to health. It is as much a moral duty as it is a matter of common sense.

Why should we attempt to conceal the fact that France is reproached for not having worked sufficiently? It is true that there exist in our country idlers and certain agitations which are not conducive to the increase of production. According to the D.P.D. Agency, Mr. Thayer, President of the Commission of Finance in the Chamber of Representatives in the United States, stated in Berlin that Europe was not undernourished and that Europeans do not work hard enough. How I wish that the commission of inquiry could have come to my district to see what we are doing with minimum resources! I would show them how we are trying to harness hydro-electric power and how we have made use of the waters of the Rhône. I would show them a dam of 104 metres in height and a plant which will hold six turbo-alternators of 70,000 kVA., the first of which will be put into service at the end of 1947. I would invite them to inspect a roadway tunnel under the high part of Lyon—it is two kilometres long and was dug during and since the war. Working France suffers from the reputation earned by our interior polemics and the difficulties which will be solved only with the stabilisation of our currency and the end of the constant struggle between wages and prices. If our farmers had the use of the tractors for which they are asking so insistently, I would not worry about our wheat. Already our production is almost back to what it was in 1938.

I do not think that I am suffering from a national delusion in saying that it would be right to help on to their feet, before anything else, those nations who will bring their regained strength to co-operate in the cause of peace. *Obviously economic reconstruction must come before political organisation.* I think that plans for the organisation of Western Europe are premature whilst the ruins of the occupation and the war are still unrestored. I do not think that this task is possible before we have settled the fate of Germany. Great Britain and France are the two pillars of Western Europe and it is necessary that they shall first of all be firmly reconstituted. This is as much in the interests of the United States as in our own. I believe that method in international politics is as necessary as it is in everything else. Should these notes seem over-cautious, you must forgive a man who has lived a long time, seen a great deal, has estimated the danger of illusions, and who prefers the simplest reality to the great plan.

Path to Unity

It may well be that Europe will become united in fact before it becomes united in name. The machinery established for economic co-operation between Belgium, Luxembourg and the Netherlands may be but a prelude to more extensive and more effective economic co-operation in Europe. The European Coal Organisation, the European Committee for Central Inland Transport, and the Emergency Economic Committee for Europe, these and other functional agencies have demonstrated the importance of treating Europe as an economic unit. The recently formed Economic Commission for Europe, an agency of the United Nations, has tremendous opportunities, but it is like a carpenter's tool, its effectiveness depends on the men who use it.

From *United Europe* by Sydney D. Bailey

Sociology Comes to Life

Most of our modern problems boil down to human relations—relations between Russians and Americans, between employers and workers, between a man and his wife. What progress is the science of social relations making, and what hope does it hold out? Next month the writer will discuss its application to the pressing industrial problems of today

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

DURING the recent war the authorities wanted to induce mothers to give their children orange juice and cod-liver oil. They tried two methods of persuasion. In one a psychologist spent twenty-five minutes with each of six mothers explaining the importance of vitamins to her children. In the other a sociologist spent twenty-five minutes with a group of six mothers while they discussed the matter among themselves and finally reached a *group decision* to give these protective foods to their children.

A check-up four weeks later showed that all the mothers in the second group were administering cod-liver oil and orange-juice, as agreed, but that only half those in the first group were doing so. Many subsequent experiments, often in quite other conditions, confirmed this significant difference between individual decisions and group decisions.

Here we have a telling instance of sociology at work, sociology applied to contemporary problems in a way which will become more and more familiar in the next few years. As yet the man-in-the-street has no conception of the tremendous change which has come over sociology—the science which studies the relationships between people, men in their social aspect if you prefer. Before 1939 sociology was largely a matter of theoretical abstractions. If it ventured into life, it was generally to study some remote primitive culture. But today sociology, equipped with new techniques, is turning its attention to the more complex patterns of life in the mass-civilisations of the west. And instead of merely describing societies, it is studying how they function: how they grow and collapse; how they organise themselves and why.

Since one of the simplest patterns of human inter-action is fighting, one of the first things sociology may hope soon to shed light on is war. That alone would be enough to make this subject important to you and me and gives some substance to the claim, recently made by a leading sociologist, that the rapid advance of the social sciences is a development as revolutionary as the production of the atom-bomb.

Reality of the Group

Ernst Cassirer once observed that the growth of a science often occurs through a change in the nature of what we accept as 'really existing'. Thus, until people were prepared to admit that atoms really existed, no research could be done upon them. In the last century psychologists had to fight to win recognition for will and emotion as 'real' things. Today we still tend to think of leadership, loyalty, and so forth as mystical concepts or abstractions rather than as measurable facts. But the sociologist can now identify leadership and even measure it in practical situations.

Most important of all, we have to admit objective reality for the *group*. In Victorian eyes people were the only reality. You might find it handy to call half a dozen of these individuals a group, but it meant no more than if you were to assemble half a dozen marbles and speak of them as a group. Give them a push and the group vanishes. But now we know that there is vital distinction between a mere assembly of

people—a crowd or mass—and a group. For one thing, a group tends to reform itself if disturbed. The reason is, a group has an emotional structure. Each individual in it recognises the other individuals as unique and feels some emotion towards them—liking or dislike, scorn or respect.

No doubt it was the swing of the pendulum from the individualistic conception of society which led to the other extreme in which the state was exalted as the only reality and the individuals underrated or ignored. Until it had discovered the true nature of the group, the world was always in danger of succumbing to Fascism. The job now is to spread this conception and bring it into consciousness so that it fertilises our political and economic thinking.

I don't want to spoil the sociologists' case by overstating it. To be sure, the concept of the group is a very ancient one, just as is the theory of the atom, about which Lucretius wrote so prophetically 2,000 years ago. What the sociologists have done is to define and measure and elaborate an idea which formerly existed at the unconscious level and so was generally neglected when people were consciously thinking out policies at the rational level.

From this seminal idea flow the three great concepts around which modern sociology revolves: the meaning of *social structure*, the concept of *status*, and the influence of *culture*.

Social Forces

To say that a group is characterised by the presence of emotional linkages between the members is a dry, precise statement of a dramatic truth. We all depend intensely upon the good opinion of others, especially those we admire. The whole time we regulate our actions with an eye on what other people will think. The clothes we wear, the food we eat, even the friends we make are influenced to a large extent by our fear of losing approval. We may defy the approval of one group—our parents or conservatives, for instance—but we soon adopt the standards of another.

This has many practical implications. The American sociologist Thrasher, for instance, in a classic study of gangs of youths, showed that it was almost impossible to induce a single boy to change his ways, for that would have lost him the approval of his gang; but once you could get the gang as a whole to accept a new standard of behaviour, the social pressure began to act with you instead of against you and kept backsliders up to the mark.

The same principle is intensely important in industry. If you can get a work team to accept, let us say, an output target, every member will become involved in the effort to attain it. A classic study of a work-group at one of Western Electric's factories in the United States first revealed how closely the individual's work approximates to that of his group—and how any disruption of the group by introducing new members or even altering the seating arrangements at once affects output.

Because of these forces people are constrained to adopt the general attitude of the group. The opinion of a group is not just an average of the random opinions of its members: it is an active force drawing the members into its orbit. The truth of this was shown by a study (among many others) at Bennington University in America. The student-body tended to hold somewhat Left-Wing opinions although pupils came largely from Right-Wing homes. New students, it was found, speedily swung towards the norm, those who were hungriest for admiration swinging rather beyond it. Only the few who failed to win popularity reacted, on the sour grapes principle, into a markedly conservative attitude. Had the college happened to be Right-Wing, the reverse pattern would, of course, have emerged.

The voter, whom Victorian philosophers treated as a rational being, appears in quite new colours under the light of sociology!

Another important rôle played by these psychological pressures is to discourage people from any action which will lose them the respect of the group. We still speak of 'ostracism' for society's rejection of the person who has broken its rules, and

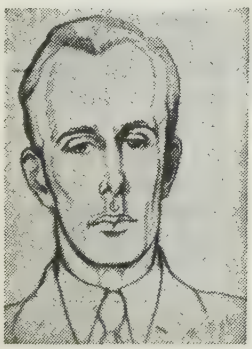
schoolboys still send offenders to Coventry. It is a punishment few can endure for long. One of today's most serious problems is that, in our vast anonymous urban society, people can injure their fellowmen—let us say by selling lethal ice-cream—and escape the ostracism they would certainly receive if they did the same in a small town or village where they were known.

Belonging to the Group

Oddly enough, people *like* to work for their group and are resentful if it finds no part for them to play. We see this in the amateur dramatic society with its endless problem of finding plays which will provide a rôle for every member. We see it in the chagrin of the footballer who is dropped from the team. That is why prolonged unemployment is so destructive of character. The unemployed man feels society has no use for him, and therefore that *he* is no use. His life becomes purposeless. One of the dangerous attractions of war is that it makes everyone feel his services are wanted and for a worthwhile purpose.

Analysing these forces within the group, the sociologist says that each member possesses a certain *status*. In the first instance, status depends chiefly on the contribution which the individual makes to the purposes of the group. A doctor has high status because everyone recognises the value of what he does. But in our complex societies status comes to depend on wealth, inherited rank or power. It was the feeling that this was unjust which gave rise to Marx's demand for a classless society. But there is no such thing, and it would be intolerable if there were. What Marx should have asked for was a society in which status was functional.

However, it is not only the structure within the group which is of interest, but the way in which groups are knitted together. Any sociologist studying our society for the first time would be astonished to see that we have no regular organisation between the family group and the national state. In practically all primitive societies a number of families come together for mutual help—one person, for instance, will mind the children for the whole group; another will do the shopping; a third will specialise in preparing food or making clothes. This is called an 'in-group'. Even in our mechanical society an in-group offers many practical advantages. Moreover, primitive societies frequently provide a complete hierarchy: in-groups are united into clans, clans into tribes, and tribes into the nation.



GORDON TAYLOR is one of those who think that the world today needs more 'comprehensionists'—people who will specialise in knowing something about everything and so link up the countless 'specialisms' of our complex civilisation. He sets a good example himself. Trained in both classics and the sciences, whilst at Cambridge he helped found the Cambridge Film Society. Afterwards he worked in Fleet Street on the *Morning Post* and *Daily Express* in many different capacities, and has travelled widely in America and Europe. As a result of his experience during the war as a European News Broadcaster at the B.B.C. and in the Psychological Warfare Division of S.H.A.E.F., his interest turned more and more to SOCIOLOGY and PSYCHOLOGY—the only sciences which seemed to offer a solution for contemporary problems. But first ECONOMICS had to be cleared out of the way. The result: his well-reviewed book, *Economics for the Exasperated* and another awaiting publication, *Conditions of Happiness*—a survey of human needs and possibilities.

His chief ambition: To write a good play—and he has one coming up.

His chief grouse: The Lord Chamberlain kills every subject of real topical importance—and will doubtless assassinate this one!

In our society we have a functional hierarchy of parish council, county council and central government, but the corresponding emotional hierarchy has vanished.

Or let us look at it along the time-scale. The study of other societies shows that most of them divide life into at least five stages—infancy, childhood, adolescence, manhood, old age—and provide appropriate customs and patterns of behaviour for each. We, however, omit the adolescent stage, thus either forcing children to take on an adult rôle before they are fitted for it or else holding them back in the childhood stage too long. As a result, adolescence is always a troublesome phase of development with us. The child breaks free after a violent struggle or sometimes fails to break free altogether. Margaret Mead, the well-known American sociologist, went to Samoa to study the adolescence of girls and found that they achieved the change with an entire absence of strain and difficulty. It may also be added that we do not provide any satisfying rôle for the old. They have very little function and are usually regarded as an encumbrance.

Rôle of Culture

Men also influence one another in a more roundabout way than those I have been discussing. We are all influenced by the ideas, customs, institutions, beliefs and values of the society into which we are born. We shake hands instead of rubbing noses or bowing. We have one wife instead of two or three, and so on. Sociologists use the word *culture* to describe all these influences, giving it, obviously, a much broader meaning than the man-in-the-street.

And just as we are waking up to the reality and far-reaching importance of direct group influences, so also we are beginning to realise that the influence of culture is much more pervasive than we had realised. We all tend to take cultural influences so much for granted that we do not recognise them as such. It seldom occurs to us to question that marriage should be monogamous, that men should wear trousers and women skirts, or that the world should be split up into sharply-divided national states. When we suggest reforms, we do so within the context of these assumptions. But studying scores of different societies with an unbiased eye, the anthropologist perceives that many of these assumptions are quite unjustified.

To take a practical example, we in the West regard it as natural to imprison criminals. But there is overwhelming evidence that imprisonment, so far from 'deterring' a man from further crimes, as is constantly said, actually makes him more likely to repeat his behaviour. Or, if you would like something a little more controversial to mull over, consider whether there are not good arguments for permitting polygamy, subject to suitable regulations, in a society in which there are considerably more women than men, or *vice versa*.

The fact is, men have devised an amazing variety of devices for dealing with standardised situations. Sociology opens up the possibility of selecting the best from the whole experience of the human race.

Cultures often borrow ideas from one another, often to their advantage. But if the impact is too violent, the weaker culture begins to break up. This, in fact, is what has happened where western civilisation has swamped primitive cultures. A good instance of what happens when practices, admirable in their own culture, are applied in a different cultural context is described by Monica Hunter in her South African study, *Reaction to Conquest*. The white authorities made compulsory the dipping of cattle to destroy parasites. In Europe, where the farmer keeps cattle for economic reasons and slaughters all surplus beasts, anything which reduces their mortality is welcome. But the African keeps cattle for prestige reasons, not economic ones, and makes no attempt to limit his herds. The result of compulsory dipping has been that native herds have grown so enormous that the beasts have devoured all the available grazing and are turning the reservations into deserts. Today, after making terrible mistakes, colonial

administrators are employing sociologists as advisors on an increasing scale.

Culture and Personality

The most important contribution of anthropology has come in the last few years. It has shown that many peoples behave in a way we should regard as quite unbalanced. The Dobu are intensely suspicious to the point of persecution mania. Any European who behaved as they do would be certified as a paranoiac. They, of course, do not realise this and regard the unsuspicious man as a fool or a knave. Similarly the Kwakiutl of Puget Sound are absurdly ostentatious, the Comanche Indians are fantastically proud and aggressive, certain Australian aborigines are inordinately confident. The thought at once occurs that our own society may be unbalanced too. It looks very much as if pre-occupation with the acquisition and manipulation of materials and ideas were one of our obsessions. Another may be an underlying sense of insecurity.

When he sees a whole society behaving in the same sort of way, the sociologist looks for a cultural explanation. Recent work by Professor Kardiner seems to be revealing what the underlying factors are. The implications for our future development are of tremendous importance. Once we fully understand *why* people behave as they do, we open up the possibility of making them behave better—and this not by separate education of each one, an impossible task, but by broad cultural changes which affect everyone.

Once there was a time when the very word science held out a bright promise of Utopia. Today we are more cynical. Events have disillusioned us. Is the new science of sociology just another over-advertised nostrum which will do more harm than good in the long run?

I do not think so. It differs from the old sciences in two decisive ways. The old sciences, physics and chemistry, are sciences of things. They are not good or bad in themselves; it is man who uses them for good or bad ends. An aeroplane may carry drugs to the dying or bombs to the living. But sociology is the science of man himself and can show us why he so often misuses the gifts of material science. And, secondly, it escapes the narrow specialism which is so often responsible for the evil effects of the other sciences. Sociology tries to study man in all his aspects. It is not so much a science as an attempt to see life as a whole.

But at present it is in its adolescence. For every penny we spend on research into the only discipline which may save man from his urge for self-destruction we spend, I suppose, a pound on the sciences which have produced bacterial warfare and the atom bomb. Can't we, for heaven's sake, reverse the proportion?

Society Gets a Doctor

The study of social problems in Britain took a big step forward last year with the foundation of the *Institute of Human Relations*. Once noted for its contributions to the subject, Britain has of recent years lagged badly behind other countries. Though it has first-class men studying particular aspects of the subject—economics, psychology, education and so on—little was done to integrate their work.

This is the object of the new Institute, which was founded on the initiative of the Tavistock Clinic for Psychotherapy with the aid of a limited grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Believing that, as in medicine, theoretical advances come chiefly in the course of tackling practical problems, it is making its main work the probing of sociological problems in industry, education and community life. It has already made studies in a dozen industries, ranging from textiles to laundries. Its findings are reported in a quarterly which it edits jointly with the Research Centre in Group Dynamics, of Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

PROFILE (6)

The Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, K.C.V.O., D.D.

Dean of St. Paul's

J. R. ST. JOHN

THE Deans of St. Paul's tend to follow a particularly learned tradition. The successor to Dean Inge and many other illustrious names, Dr. Matthews is no exception. He can look back on a career rich with academic distinction, including a lectureship in Dogmatic Theology, the Deanship of King's College, London, and membership of the University Senate. He is the author of many works on theological and philosophical subjects, of which the best known is, perhaps, his *God in Christian Thought and Experience*; as well as explaining the Gospel in modern terms, he has tried to make his own contribution towards the resolution of the problems with which modern scientific knowledge has faced religion.

Believing that there are inherent limitations to the scientific method, he nevertheless supports the idea that Science can aid the Church to approach nearer to truth. Modern philosophers are so riddled with scepticism and schism that they can be of little use, although it seems to him that the most constructive are converging towards theism. He is prepared to believe in miracles provided that they don't fly in the face of reason.

Now in his sixties, as he sits talking in his large study, heavy with books, painstakingly weighing his sentences, you get the impression of a person of extreme caution. Yet this was the man who once caused a minor sensation by saying that he saw no theological reason why women shouldn't be ordained and, as Dean of Exeter, incurred criticism for inviting Non-Conformist ministers to preach from the Cathedral pulpit. At Exeter he did much to make the Cathedral share in the life of the City. At St. Paul's the problem has been different, as in effect it belongs to the nation rather than the handful of people who dwell under its walls, although the City Livery Companies and Corporation are, of course, among its staunchest supporters. Dr. Matthews himself began life as a bank clerk in the City, and has every right to call himself a Londoner. Apart from King's College, London, he was educated at Wilson's Grammar School in Camberwell, has held two London curacies and for two years was a vicar in Hornsey.

An almost essential partner for any Dean is a wife. Mrs. Matthews is also a good mother—used to be a chemist, and has written novels under the name of Susan Goodyear. Today, owing to servant trouble, they occupy only the ground floor of the Deanery, a fine house built at the same time as the Cathedral, but now cut off by the white-tiled gloom of tall office buildings.

If he liked, his life could be a very easy one, but, in addition to his many other activities, he has recently thrown in his lot with the movements to achieve a United Europe and to preserve the 'Western Tradition'. By this he understands a kind of Gladstonian liberalism rooted in Christianity, and excluding Russia. In an article he once wrote that Man often looked like a cunning animal but felt like a fallen angel. So whatever he may think is best for him, the Dean is not likely to underestimate the difficulties.

Specially drawn for WORLD REVIEW *by Ronald Searle*

THE *Painter* WHO *Hoaxed* THE *World*

Here is the inside story of the amazing Dutch artist, van Meegeren. Art dealers have paid over £500,000 for his 'fakes' of Vermeer which have been bought by leading museums

D. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

The beer in Holland isn't as good as it used to be, nor is the coffee, what there is of it. But during my recent visit to Holland I never sat down to either with any of my Dutch friends before, sooner or later, the name van Meegeren cropped up. I was, I think, having met him before the war in the South of France, able to comprehend something of the forces that drove this warped genius to perpetrate the greatest hoax of the century, perhaps of all time. What he did put even my friend, the late Horace de Vere Cole, in the shade for sheer effrontery. He painted Vermeers and sold them as originals, and here is the cream of the joke—every art expert in Europe and America pronounced them as genuine. Even today arguments wax heated as to whether he is a criminal for having defrauded the museums, or a national hero for having hoaxed that fat and frightening man, Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering.

Born about sixty years ago, Hans van Meegeren was educated, as are almost all Dutch boys, at the local grammar school. Even at school he showed an almost uncanny talent for sketching, and was trained as an architect. No one has been able to tell me whether he was any good as an architect or not, but it seems likely that anything he touched he would tackle conscientiously and with great artistry. The architectural phase did not, however, last long. He felt the call to paint and threw up his career as an architect. All through the 1914–18 war he painted and studied. Holland was, remember, neutral in that war so he worked undisturbed and, by the time that war was over, he already had something of a reputation which grew during the next decade.

His Motives

It must have been about 1931 when I first met him in the South of France where he had gone to live. Although I love the company of people older and cleverer than myself, I didn't cultivate his society; his main conversation was a tirade against critics, dealers, other painters and anyone connected with the world of art. He was certainly the most egotistical man I've ever met and his favourite topic was the lack of recognition for the greatest painter of the century—van Meegeren. There can be little doubt that his inspired forgeries were not forced on him by any lack of money, for even when I knew him he was making plenty and living well. No, it cannot have been anything but an almost insane desire to get even, to his own secret and private satisfaction, with the world with which he was so much at loggerheads. And, let's face it, he's certainly won hands down. He has succeeded more completely than anyone short of a genius on the borderline of insanity could dream, and made the men whom he contended failed to give him sufficient recognition a laughing stock for centuries to come.

By his own confession the idea came to

VAN MEEGEREN *mixes his paints. He spent £5,000 on lapis lazuli to attain Vermeer's famous blue colours*

him in the middle nineteen-thirties. His knowledge of the Flemish masters was already encyclopædic and ever since his student days at Delft he had felt irresistibly drawn towards Jan Vermeer, whose home town it was. But there were other reasons for choosing this artist, although van Meegeren claims that, given the time for study and research, he could just as easily paint pictures 'by' Rembrandt, Frans Hals or any other of the great masters. Vermeer, we know, like van Meegeren, was permanently in feud with his contemporaries —this must have created a strong bond. But there was more to it than that. Almost nothing has been recorded of Vermeer's private life and as a painter he had little or no recognition for almost a couple of hundred years after his death; was not, in fact, 'discovered' till the seventies of the last century. All this created a fine, large vacuum in both space and time in which van Meegeren could plant his Vermeer at will and no one could point to any detail of the master's life or travels that would cast doubt on its authenticity.

As far as the actual painting went, van Meegeren had no doubt at all as to his ability to get away with it. As a base he had acquired some seventeenth-century canvas. He spent at least a couple of years on research through old manuscripts to find exactly the colours and oils that Vermeer used and the methods of grinding and mixing. He knew his work would be tested by X-ray, infra-red rays and quartz lamps. He knew that minute samples of the paint would be taken and subjected to chemical analysis. In fact he probably knew far more about this particular subject than any man living, including the art experts. Then he started to paint. He painted 'De Emmausganger' exactly as Vermeer would have painted it. There was good

Van Meegeren's most famous falsification, 'The Disciples at Emmaus', bought by Buyman's Museum for £60,000

reason for this choice of subject. Art historians know that Christ breaking bread with the Disciples at Emmaus was a popular theme with patrons of the arts in late seventeenth-century Italy. So when van Meegeren 'discovered' and 'bought', under the most authentic circumstances, for a nominal sum in Italy the picture that he had painted himself, no one was in the least surprised. He submitted it to the experts for testing and opinion. As he expected, it was unanimously pronounced genuine and, in 1937, was acquired by the Buyman's Museum at Rotterdam for something like sixty thousand pounds!

All would have been well if he had stopped then, but the joke was too good not to be repeated. Each picture took him six or seven months of meticulous and painstaking work, and every year he produced and 'discovered' one apparently genuine Vermeer. The first five, unanimously acclaimed by experts all over the world, were disposed of to museums at high prices. The sixth and last, to gratify some private whim of his own, he refused to sell, and hung it among genuine old masters in his own home in Holland. There are two schools of thought about these six pictures. One school holds them to be criminal, even if superb, forgeries. The other school argues that van Meegeren painted exactly as Vermeer would have painted were he alive today, and he has therefore enriched the world and is its benefactor. They support their claim by adding that a forger is a copyist and not a creative artist. This is unanswerable, for there is no doubt that he has created, where previously there was nothing, six great

masterpieces exactly as Vermeer would have painted. But, contend the other side, his crime lay in passing off the work as Vermeer's—to which the supporters of van Meegeren reply that if he hadn't, these works would never have been accorded the recognition they deserve.

Goering Buys It!

Now three fresh figures appear on the scene. Aloys Miedl was an old chum of Goering from their hectic young days in Munich. Miedl is a very competent art expert who knows what's good for him. He married a Jewess, and immediately left Germany to live in Holland. For many years he acted as a buyer for Goering, but in 1945, still keenly aware as to what was good for him, he transferred his residence to Spain, where he still lives. A prominent Amsterdam art dealer called Goudstikker, and a tout working on commission called Reinstra, also come into the story. The balloon went up when art experts sorting out Goering's loot with a view to returning it to its rightful owners found among other things a Vermeer, 'Christ and the Adultress'. This, rather unusually, had been perfectly legally bought and paid for. There was Walter Hofer's receipt dated 1943 for the equivalent of over a hundred thousand pounds for the picture. Hofer was Goering's number one expert and he had bought it for the Marshal from one of his smaller buyers, Aloys Miedl. The Dutch were informed and were appalled. Jan Vermeer is a national institution and is known and revered throughout the land, as a great soldier, statesman or prelate is with us. If the owner of the picture had had it looted from his home by armed and jack-booted S.S. men, no one would have thought any the worse of him; but for a Dutchman to sell it for money to the hated oppressor was just unthinkable. Prudent Herr Miedl had already retired to Spain, but the efficient Dutch police very soon found that he had bought it

The picture van Meegeren painted to prove he had forged six Vermeers, 'The Child Christ in the Temple of the Elders'

from Goudstikker, the big Amsterdam dealer. Goudstikker disclaimed all knowledge of where the painting had gone or whence it had come. All he knew was that it had been hung in his galleries on a commission basis by a professional go-between called Reinstra. After some difficulty Reinstra was traced and promptly named the owner who had sold the picture as Hans van Meegeren.

The Dilemma

The artist was immediately arrested, released for no apparent reason and arrested again. After a month of this cat-and-mouse game and constant questioning, he broke down. If he had confessed only to painting 'Christ and the Adultress' sold to Goering, he would probably have ended his days as a national hero, but his egocentric vanity was his undoing. He boasted of all six paintings and how he had fooled every expert in both hemispheres. The police were frankly sceptical; it was a brilliantly ingenious defence, but hardly probable. They called in the art experts who were almost suspiciously unanimous in their decision that all six Vermeers were perfectly genuine. Van Meegeren, even though on trial for collaboration of a gravity calling for the death penalty, must have had one of the biggest laughs of his life. Both judicial authority and public opinion realised at once that this was no clumsy lie produced on the spur of the moment to save the artist from charges of collaboration, but circumstantially bore all the marks of truth. So it was decided to put van Meegeren to the test. He was invited to paint another Vermeer under police supervision!

He was, from all accounts, treated with scrupulous fairness. He was allowed and aided to obtain all the rare and costly materials necessary, the gamboge and the ground lapis lazuli Vermeer used to get those wonderful yellows and blues for which he is famed, white zinc, the proper oils, canvas and badger brushes. They gave him the studio which he asked for. He complained of the police guards and officials constantly looking over his shoulder, but in spite of it all he painted 'The Child Christ in the Temple of the Elders'. It was one hundred per cent perfect! The experts could not find a single flaw that could be produced as evidence in a Court of Law. So there was complete deadlock. The expert evidence was so conflicting that it was difficult for the courts to arrive at a verdict. Almost everyone, whether he admitted it or not, was morally certain that van Meegeren painted the six Vermeers and it seemed unlikely that he could be found guilty on the charges of collaboration. But, on the other hand, to sell as genuine the spurious Vermeers to the various museums, knowing that he had painted them himself, was definitely a crime, albeit not such a serious one. But here was what looked like an insuperable obstacle to conviction. The art experts of the museums who bought the Vermeers insisted on sticking to their original verdict that the pictures are genuine and that van Meegeren did not paint them.

'The Child Christ in the Temple of the Elders', painted under police supervision, proved that the van Meegeren-Vermeers were absolutely indistinguishable from the original Vermeers. Things definitely looked difficult. A number of legal cases involving vast sums and depending on the authenticity of a picture have had to be dropped in the past because of the irreconciliability of expert evidence. These, however, were all civil cases, not criminal ones. Certainly at one time it seemed as if this case would drag on for months. My Dutch friends were sure that van Meegeren would be sentenced to a light term of imprisonment: or that a huge fine would be imposed which would confiscate much of his vast fortune. And at a recent trial at Amsterdam, he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

However, van Meegeren has the last laugh, a great rich laugh that will go echoing down the centuries whenever and wherever art and artists are discussed.

Cultural Missions in MEXICO

Has Mexico a lesson to teach other countries with similar problems? Lilo Linke, authoress and traveller, has had an opportunity of visiting the 'Cultural Missions' of specialists who spend many months with backward communities in an attempt to raise their cultural and economic level. Here is sociology in practice

LILO LINKE

After nearly four decades of revolutionary unrest and bold experimenting, Mexico is now emerging as a leading Latin-American power. Much of her progress she owes to education. Annually the number of teachers and schools is increasing, and a nation-wide literacy campaign is at present in full swing. Backwoods communities are not forgotten either. To cope with their problems, the 'Cultural Missions' were formed in 1923, of which by now over fifty are working in different parts of the country.

Each of the missions is composed of about ten people, all specialists with practical experience of rural life. For a year or two they settle down in a primitive village to help the Indians raise their cultural and economic level. Bringing them nearer the general Mexican standard of living, the communities will eventually form an integral part of the nation.

The government, proud of the results achieved, allowed me to stay with several of the missions. The work of that at Dzulá might serve as an example, though activities, of course, are always adapted to local needs.

Dzulá is a village of some three hundred inhabitants, lost in the jungle that covers much of Yucatán. Once this peninsula, with present-day British Honduras and parts of Guatemala, formed the glorious Maya Empire. Today, nothing is left but secluded ruins, the Indians' language, and

Yucatán was once part of the glorious Maya civilisation, which spread from N. Mexico. Today it is one of the world's most backward areas

their pride. Since the middle of last century, a series of wars between them and the whites wiped out towns and villages. Remains of trenches and stone barricades can still be found around Dzulá, and up to ten years ago no white man could travel through the region without a safe conduct from 'General' May, their elected chief.

In the early 'forties, the Mexican government could finally establish lasting contacts

with Dzulá, through two *mestizos* (mixed-breeds). Wadin, the schoolteacher, was allowed to stay after he organised a football team. Claudio came as a government agent for the purchase of chicle, the raw chewing gum the Indians obtain by tapping wild-growing zapote trees. Though only twenty-five, Claudio treated the Indians with paternal firmness, reinforced by the threat that, if a hair of his head were touched, the government would send aeroplanes to bomb them. Printed U.S. war propaganda provided suitable illustrations. Both he and Wadin were glad when Rural Mission No. 36 arrived to help them.

The Group Starts Work

The mission travelled by train and bus, and, finally, for two days on horseback across the jungle. They hung up their hammocks in Claudio's warehouse. During the first forty-eight hours, Carlos, head of the mission, and his men killed eighteen snakes. After that they were left in peace save by mosquitoes, scorpions, fleas and beetles.

The warehouse was the biggest building in Dzulá, but, like the rest, oval in shape and simply made of sticks tied together by supple roots, with a roof of palm leaves. The villagers lived in one-roomed huts where they cooked on the floor over charcoal braziers, washed, ate, slept, and even buried their dead. To relieve themselves they went to the jungle, followed by their thin-legged pigs which, with the vultures, acted as scavengers. Driven by hunger, the never-fed pigs, dogs and poultry also entered the huts, raising the dust from the earthen floor when angry women chased them out. Few of the huts had doors, none of them windows; light filtered in through gaps between the sticks. Since the group could not start working until it had gained Dzulá's confidence, and since the best teaching is by example, Carlos decided to spend the first month in the setting-up of model living quarters for the group. A big two-roomed hut was built, the sticks covered by whitewashed mud to form proper walls, with doors and window-holes. A kitchen-and-bath-hut was made with concrete floors, and some two hundred yards away a privy.

All members of the group were under thirty-five except Maestro Rodrigo, the carpenter. Strangely enough, it was this gruff old man who broke the ice. He liked to play the flute, and the music attracted 'Sergeant' Noh, most savage of the villagers, said to owe his strength to the blood he drank of one of his victims. But Noh was also the village musician, scratching a tiny violin he had made himself, with bowstrings of a rough fibre. For hours he would repeat all he knew—three brief traditional tunes.

After an exchange of presents between him and Maestro Rodrigo, the 'Sergeant' admired Rodrigo's stool. The villagers either rested in their hammocks or crouched on boxes. It was a rule that the group should not pamper the Indians by handing them anything ready-made, so Rodrigo offered to teach Noh carpentering, whereupon the 'Sergeant' organised an expedition to the jungle. A suitable tree was cut, dragged back to Dzulá, and sawn. When his stool was finished, the group knew that it had come to stay.

The Problems

Mercedes, the social worker, a neat little *mestizo*, had meanwhile started to visit the women. They scrutinised her, compared her cotton frock with their own hand-embroidered white shift, her fancy necklace with their gold chains, her permanent wave with their sleek, pinned-up hair, and started laughing. Mercedes joined their merriment. She, too, had won a battle.

After that, the work proper could begin. Life in Dzulá was full of problems, though the Indians were aware of only one: water. There was a single well over sixty feet deep, and the women would spend hours each day hauling and carrying the precious fluid, of which they needed much because Maya Indians are very clean. Women had altogether a hard life. Two hours before dawn, they already knelt in front of their

stone slabs to grind the maize, knead and slap the dough, and bake the flat *tortillas*, their daily bread.

Fortunately, the men were not always at home. They worked in their distant maize fields, and during the chicle season camped out in the jungle to gather the gum. The money they made they either wasted on drink or exchanged for gold coins, to bury in the ground. When they died, no one knew the place.

They suffered from diarrhœa, typhoid fever, intestinal parasites; hookworms entered through their bare feet and produced tropical anæmia; jigger fleas caused swellings that made walking difficult; chicle flies dug through to the brain. For many women childbirth meant death, and of the children born less than half survived.

Community Feeling

These were the conditions the group had to combat. The first big job which Carlos organised was the building of the water tank. All able-bodied men took their turn at it, instructed by the group's mason. Claudio, who had become the mission's agricultural expert and also the local government administrator, punished anyone found drunk by giving him an extra shift at the tank. It rose slowly, but steadily. Even some of the gold coins were dug up to pay the quotas for the concrete and the motor-pump.

Several socials were held to stimulate an active community feeling. The first was attended by only one family, the second by some twenty people, but for the celebrations the day the motor arrived on the backs of four mules, the entire village turned up. Fernando, the music-master, and the master of recreational activities combined their efforts to prepare the programme. Some of the bolder young men acted in a comic sketch, with Mercedes as leading lady. Three of the boys strummed guitars which Fernando had helped them to buy. In time, he taught them the National Anthem, songs from different Mexican regions, and even Viennese waltzes. Thus, through music, a door was opened to the world outside. The festivities ended with typical Yucatán dances, and, though most villagers were too timid to join in, everybody enjoyed things so much that the news spread through the jungle and delegations from far away arrived to invite the group.

Of other changes, only the cemetery, laid out a mile from Dzulá, met with real resistance. The Indians argued that it would need many dead to fill it, and that they were provoking the gods. Rodrigo had to promise a coffin and a large, wooden cross for every corpse buried there, to protect it against dogs and evil spirits. Though the Indians adored a bare cross, they had no notion of Catholicism. No priest had ever come to Dzulá.

It was the young men who profited most from the mission's presence. Maestro Rodrigo taught them to make simple furniture, and trained Juan, the most skilful, to take his place the day the group would leave. Claudio showed them how to improve their maize crops by seed selection and better cultivation, how to grow fatter pigs, and how to protect their stock against diseases. With three young men, he cleared a piece of ground for a model vegetable garden; the Indians considered green stuff fit only for horses, and did not even grow the red and green pepper with which they overspiced their dishes. And he explained to them how to prune and graft their orange and other fruit trees. With the recreation master, they laid out a playing field. He tried to teach them basketball, but for them only football was real fun.

Accomplishments and Difficulties

Each night, after dark, the men went to school to learn the alphabet. To hold a pen was harder than using a shovel, especially since they were taught in Spanish of which they only knew odd words. Meanwhile the government was preparing readers in five of the principal Indian languages, which teachers now use with excellent results.

The women were not neglected, of

course. No community can advance without them. Patiently, Mercedes taught them the use of the sewing machine. The first men's shirts looked odd, but gradually improvements could be noted. In house-to-house visits, Mercedes instructed the women in hygiene, showed them the preparation of healthy dishes and preserves. Husbands and the mason together built proper kitchen-stoves with a sink beside, to facilitate the women's work, and the motor from the water-tank was to be used to drive a small maize-mill.

Carmen, the nurse, grouped six of the older girls into a first-aid brigade and started a course on home nursing and midwifery. Since her arrival four children had been born, and they and their mothers were doing fine.

Not everything went smoothly. Century-old habits were difficult to break. The women returned to their braziers; the pigs left their new styes. But the water tank did its duty, and in many other ways Dzulá had broken with its primitive past and isolation.

The success of the Cultural Missions depends largely on the quality of the group members. It is true that many of them prove failures, and that often tensions within the groups cause serious difficulties. Yet it is much more amazing that so many of the fifty missions work in perfect harmony, bound by their common belief in the future.

Critics have also said that the missions are too expensive because practical results are forthcoming only slowly, irregularly, and frequently in an indirect manner. But cannot this be said of all democratic growth? Yet, in the long run, it is the only safe, the only humane, way. The Mexican government has understood this, and is also aware that the results of its own experiments may serve other countries with similar problems to solve.

'My last word,' said Mr. Creech-Jones in the House of Commons, 'is that however comprehensive our planning may be in regard to Colonial development, whatever enthusiasm and zeal we bring to the task, we cannot get far unless we have the co-operation and the understanding of the Colonial peoples themselves.'

Crown Colonist

Amongst all Colonial peoples there is an awakening to the advantages of literacy and knowledge, to the value of physical wellbeing, and to the inter-relationship between these and greater economic efficiency. From *The Colonial Empire (1939–1947)*

West Africans have a great future if given the opportunity, Claude Barnett, Director of the Associated Negro Press, declared in a recent interview with *Afro* correspondent at his home in Queens. He termed his African journey 'the most interesting, the most colourful, the most fascinating he has ever made.' He observed that literally millions of people are primitive except for a few intellectuals and professional folk, and the few thousand less well educated who serve as teachers and clerks have untold possibilities for service to the world if given the opportunity. From *The Nigerian Eastern Mail*

MARCEL ACHARD *between* PIERRE FRESNAY *and* YVONNE PRINTEMPS *at a rehearsal of his latest play*

The Theatre in Paris

In Paris the theatre is taken more seriously by those who practise it and those who patronise it than anywhere else in the world. Despite economic and political crises, its vitality is unimpaired and its high standard is maintained by dramatic authors of sensibility and imagination

PHILIP CARR

PARIS remains the centre of the world movement in the art of the theatre, to say nothing of more than one of the other arts as well. Nowhere is there such a constant ferment of invention and experiment. Nowhere is the theatre taken so seriously by those who practise it and those who patronise it—I do not say by the numerical majority of either, for in Paris, as elsewhere, the easy guffaw of farce, and the tinkle and glitter of spectacular revue have their great public and their popular performers, but by so many that the majority of the Paris theatres are presenting programmes whose artistic vitality is indisputable.

Look at the list of plays which are being given, or are about to be given, at this time of severe economic crisis and practical difficulty. Not to mention the two national opera houses—one with its strike of the ballet in connection with the alleged

STEVE PASSEUR, *a playwright of passion, whose characters speak their secret thoughts*

collaborationist activities of Serge Lifar during the war, but producing opera all the same—there is the Comédie-Française, which is the French National Theatre, nightly giving a varying performance of the classics, not only in its original home, now called the Salle Richelieu, but also at the Salle du Luxembourg, the former Odéon, as well as occasional classical performances at popular prices at the enormous Palais de Chaillot, the Albert Hall of Paris. But this does not exhaust the opportunities of seeing the established masterpieces of dramatic literature. There have even been two productions of Molière's *Misanthrope* simultaneously at different theatres, one at the Français and the other at the Mathurins, where Jean Marchat has aroused some controversy by frankly playing Alceste as a comic character. At the Marigny, Jean-Louis Barrault, having drawn away Madeleine Renaud, whom he has also married, and several other 'sociétaires' from the Comédie-Française, has given comedies from that theatre's repertory—notably *Les Fausses Confidences* of Marivaux—as well as recently producing André Gide's version of *Hamlet* for a run, which was only broken by a musical piece in the summer holiday, always a dead season for the serious Paris theatre.

Classics and Revivals

Louis Jouvet, after his notable production of *L'Ecole des Femmes*, which he has taken round the world, including the recent festival at Edinburgh, is going to do another Molière play, *Don Juan*, and Barrault promises another again, *Amphitryon*. A translation of Shakespeare's *Richard II* has been playing at the large Théâtre des Champs Elysées. Jean Anouilh's adaptation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles in modern dress has been revived at the Atelier. He is said to be writing a play for Pierre Fresnay with Molière as the chief character. Madeleine Ozeray, no longer Jouvet's leading lady, has made an ambitious attempt to give dramatic life to a compressed version of Charles Peguy's long dialogue poem, *Jeanne d'Arc*.

So much for the poetical and the classical drama; and the list is made all the more impressive by the fact that it is by no means played to empty benches, but nearly always to full ones.

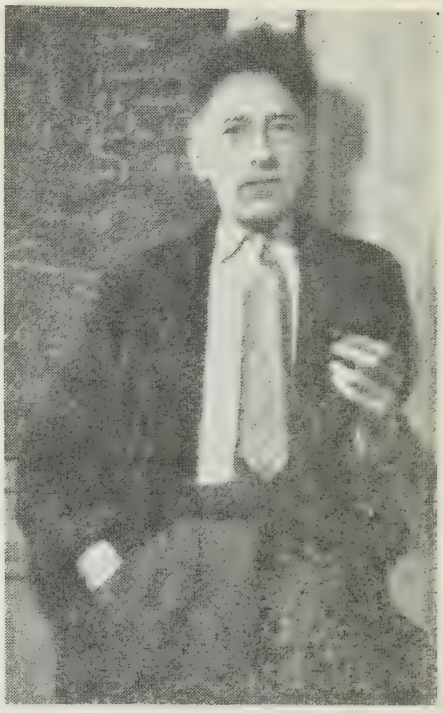
However, the classical drama is not exactly the living theatrical movement, which is more a matter of new plays than of old ones, more of authors than of actors —especially in Paris, where the author has retained supreme command of the interpretation of his play and where felicity of verbal expression has always been held as almost the first of dramatic virtues. And it may, in this sense, seem to be a proof of low vitality in the French theatre that the outstanding personality who has come to the front in the last few years should be an actor, Jean-Louis Barrault. His latest production is a dramatic version, by André Gide, of Franz Kafka's nightmare story (or autobiography) about the man who is

obsessed by the sensation of being a criminal, when his only crime in the eyes of everyone else is that he is innocent. Barrault is on the stage throughout the whole play; and Paul Claudel, writing of his performance with all his authority of poet and dramatist, has said that it shows Barrault to be no less than that rare thing, a man of genius. It may be said that this enthusiast of thirty-seven, who knew starvation at the beginning of his career and spent all the money he earned by his first film in staging the *Numancia* of Cervantes, has almost revolutionised the art of acting by showing—after a thorough study of pantomime at the beginning of his career—that it is as much a matter of expressing emotion through the body as through the voice and the face and the hands. Of course, the theory, which had already been illustrated, consciously or not, by Chaplin, would not be of much importance if its exponent, Chaplin or Barrault, were not in himself a great actor. We knew that Chaplin was. There is little doubt that Barrault is also.

The prevalence of revivals and translations might also be taken as evidence of low dramatic vitality. At the beginning of November, when the autumn season had well started, there were no less than nine revivals, as well as four translations from the English, all running in Paris theatres.

Handmaid of the Cinema?

Another disquieting symptom is that, as a leading critic has complained, the theatre has become too much the handmaid of the cinema. Actors and authors are whisked off to Hollywood at their first success and, when they do not leave France, the call of the studios prevents them from properly rehearsing or continuously performing in the theatre. Yet even this critic admits that a company so distinguished as that of Barrault at the Marigny has been formed and maintained in spite of such temptations. Besides, there can be no question that the high artistic position which French films now hold has been won by authors and actors who belonged to the theatre



JEAN COCTEAU, *poet, dramatist, cineast*

first, and were not created by the cinema. The dramatic sincerity of Marcel Pagnol's films and Raimu's acting in them, the poetry which Jean Cocteau has brought to the screen in a measure which would hardly have been thought possible a few years ago, sprang from the theatre.

Moreover, and this is the main point, the French theatre of today maintains its high standard by a continuous flow of dramatic authors of high artistic intelligence and imagination.

It is true that the list of distinguished French playwrights has been thinned since the beginning of the war. Giraudoux and Bourdet are dead, each at an age when more might have been expected of him. The veteran, Bernstein, has produced nothing new. Nor has Paul Claudel or J. J. Bernard, or François Mauriac, who is really more novelist than dramatist; and Lenormand has not resumed writing for the theatre, although a volume recently

ARMAND SALACROU, *playwright and collector*

published on the whole body of his work shows the durable stature to which it has attained. Sacha Guitry, whom France will not easily forgive for his attitude during the occupation, though he recently defended it in a lecture before an audience of his friends, is only just working his way back through the cinema, where he is making a film about his father, Lucien Guitry, in which character he appears, while a child represents himself as a small boy.

There remains, however, a group of half a dozen men, all interesting and individual. I have already mentioned Cocteau, who has been engaged this autumn in making a film from his last play, *The Eagle With Two Heads*. Armand Salacrou, one of whose plays has recently been revived, has also produced a new one, *Archipel Lenoir*. His turn is for the ingeniously fantastic and capricious, and his instinct for the theatre enables him to turn somersaults of incident and give verisimilitude to situations which would be preposterous in other hands. Of a very different quality is Stève Passeur, whose best-known play, *Je Vivrai un Grand Amour*, has been once more revived. He is capable of a passion greater than all his contemporaries, and particularly of a passion of hate. In making his characters blurt out—and sometimes at great length—what most people keep to themselves, he exteriorises the subconscious in a way quite different from Lenormand's pre-occupation with the Freudian complex. Marcel Achard is the most successful author of the group. That is to say, he has probably made more money than any of the others. His earlier note, sounded in his first two plays, produced by Jouvet, was one of a tender, whimsical and charming fantasy—not such a poet as Cocteau, but rather an intimate creator of fairylands. He has since descended to a more facile and less imaginative formula. His latest play on this formula, *Savez-vous planter les Choux?*, has a country stationmaster as its central character, and it seems to give pleasure. It is announced that he is writing a play for Jean-Louis Barrault, and it may be hoped that he will return to his earlier manner.

Sartre as Playwright

Before the war, Jean Anouilh had only begun to establish himself. His first play, *Le Voyageur Sans Bagages*, developed the fruitful ironic situation of a financier who returns to his friends after a term of imprisonment, expecting to find that they have done something while he has been condemned to inaction, and realising at last that their lives have really been as empty as his. Anouilh has since pursued this vein of irony in two plays which were produced during the war and were still running at the end of it. I have mentioned his *Antigone*, where he rises to the height of tragedy—a modern tragedy whose elevation and sacrifice are more intellectual than instinctive. As Robert Kemp, the critic of *Le Monde*, has remarked, the Antigone of Sophocles accepted death. The Antigone of Anouilh chooses it.

These names, together with that of Jacques Deval, who has now returned from Hollywood to resume his career of a pleasant and by no means superficial Parisian playwright, and has just had a new piece produced, almost complete the list of the men who were already writing and producing before the war. Of the newcomers, the one who has certainly made the most noise is Jean-Paul Sartre, the forty-three-year-old former lycée professor; contemporary French literature has drawn largely on teachers. He had become well known for his philosophic, critical, and particularly his fictional, work before attempting the theatre; and his first play, *Les Mouches*, on the classical Orestes theme, was not a success when it was produced by Dullin during the war. *Huis Clos*, which was first given at the Vieux-Colombier in 1944, reached a wider public; and last year he had two plays, *Huis Clos* and *La Putain Respectueuse* (has anyone noticed how the title resembles that of Dekker's masterpiece, *The Honest Whore*?) which attracted wide attention and aroused bitter controversy. I have no space to examine how far the 'existentialism' of Sartre is an obsession for calling a spade a very bloody shovel; how far it merely covers a malignant eroticism, and how far it represents a sincere philosophic system of pessimism and disgust with humanity—and, after all, Sartre has a training in philosophy behind him. In any case, his appearance in the theatrical firmament has been stimulating.

It cannot be said that any other new author of distinction has emerged. But there is a promising ferment, which has been encouraged by such enterprises as the Concours des Jeunes Compagnies, an annual competition organised by established playwrights. The work of one of these young companies, of which the moving spirit—author, producer and principal actor—is Roger Saltel, has recently been presented to a larger public. The play, *Des Hommes Viendront*, exploits the psychological possibilities of the sudden intimate contact of a group of people thrown together by being the passengers in an aeroplane forced to make a landing on a desolate mountain. Another prize-winning play at the same competition has been produced at the well-named Théâtre de Poche, one of the tiny theatres whose number is evidence of the theatrical health of Paris. *Les Enfants du Bon Dieu*, about a mother and daughter whose base cupidity leads them to murder their son and brother before they find out who he is, introduces a very promising young author, Jean-Marie Dunoyer. The theme had already been treated by Albert Camus, one of the existentialist group, in a novel, but he allowed and even encouraged Dunoyer to write his lurid little piece on it, although he himself was engaged in turning it into dramatic form—a rather notable piece of literary generosity.

Sophistication and Anniversaries

A rather more sophisticated play by an author not so young is *Le Rendez-vous*, by Jehan Bouvelet, in which Suzy Prim plays a scene of the seduction of a young man by a middle-aged woman in a very sophisticated way indeed, and yet with delicacy and charm. The characters and the background for this play—which only exists for the scene I have mentioned—are supposed to be English, but have names which could never be found in England. There is also an absurd, hypocritical English parson.

For those who are interested in anniversaries, it may be mentioned that the Comédie-Française is preparing to celebrate the fiftieth of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, in which the original actors and management believed so little that it was given in old scenery, and Rostand had to pay for some of the costumes out of his own pocket. Another is the fortieth of the Grand-Guignol, with its programme of one-act horrors sandwiched between farces, said to be the only theatre in the world fitted out with a first-aid post for those who faint at what they see and hear on the stage—though every theatre in Paris is supposed by law to have a doctor in attendance.

TREK

'You got one that says "UN"?'

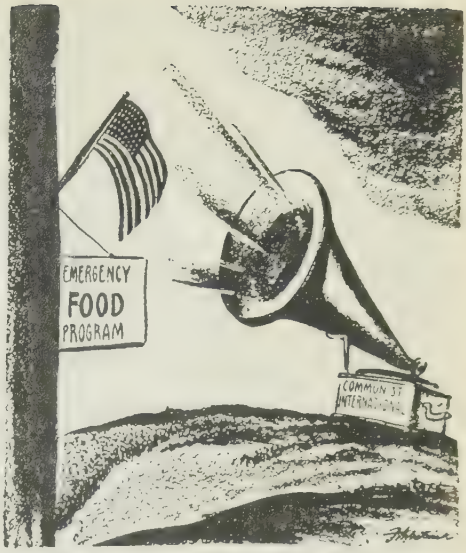
WASHINGTON POST

Saxophone Solo

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

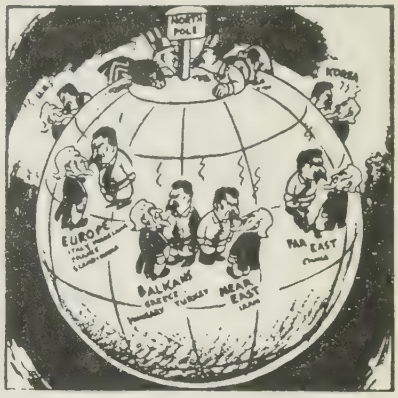
WORLD SAID!

Drifting further apart
RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH



Weapons in the cold war
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

THE TELEPHONE AT COLOMBEY
Mon général, vous avez plusieurs millions de voix au bout du fil
CARREFOUR



One world
PHOENIX REPUBLIC AND GAZETTE

Like snow in the sun!
LA FRANCE

Religious Art

ERIC NEWTON

UNTIL the end of the seventeenth century roughly ninety per cent of European painting could be labelled religious, in the sense that it would never have come into being but for the organisation and patronage of the Christian Church. Had the Church not existed, painters would still have practised their craft, for the artist's urge to create depends neither on the existence of a patron to pay for his pictures, nor on an organisation to dictate what their content shall be. But the Church certainly acted as a channel along which the artist's creative urges could easily flow. Religion can neither create nor strangle art, but it can certainly canalise it. When, in seventeenth-century England, Puritan Christianity set its face against the artist, religion became poorer, but art only became different. Religion minus art is hardly distinguishable from ethics. Art minus religion suffers a good deal, mainly from lack of opportunity; and when the artist is denied one kind of opportunity, he sees to it that he gets another. If his picture can no longer hang behind the altar, it must hang over the mantelpiece. Naturally, when it does so, it must be a different kind of picture; and the only reason for making a distinction between religious and non-religious art is to underline the difference. It is not a question of a difference of subject-matter. No doubt Botticelli could have painted a landscape for the drawing-room and Renoir a Madonna for the Lady Chapel. Neither artist would have been untrue to himself in doing so. But both would have been untrue to their patrons had they done so. In Botticelli's day the drawing-room had no need of landscapes, and in Renoir's the Church was content to furnish its Lady Chapels from the church furnisher's catalogue. The nineteenth-century priest had forgotten the way to the artist's studio; the fifteenth-century layman had not yet discovered it.

The difference between religious and non-religious painting is a queer one. Indeed, when one comes to analyse it, the whole idea of religious art is a queer one. For religion is mainly concerned with the unseen, while the visual arts are mainly concerned with the seen. That being so, how *can* the painter tackle religious themes? With his brush, the painter builds up a world of recognisable images. Religion, on the other hand, deals with abstract notions of the Immortality of the Soul, Original Sin, Divine Mercy. The painter can create with his brush an image of a woman and a baby, or of thirteen men seated at a table, but how is he to indicate that the first is the Virgin Mary holding the Divine Child, and the second the mystery of the Last Supper? He can resort to simple symbolism, of course, but a golden halo will not turn a woman into the Madonna, nor will a key, however massive, turn an elderly gentleman with a white beard into St. Peter. What, then, is the quality in art which differentiates the religious from the secular?

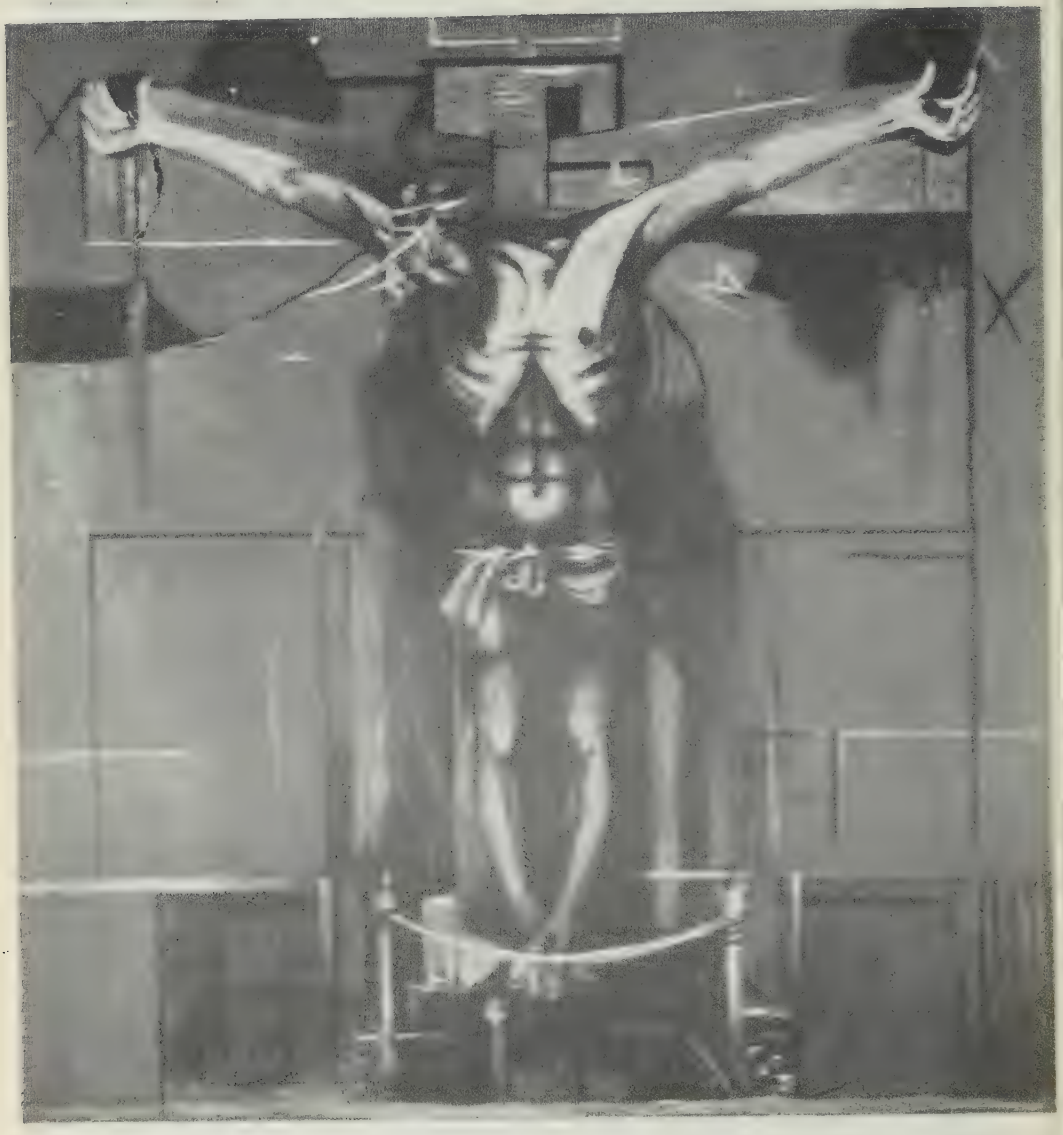
A hundred thousand examples from the art of the past give us the answer. Painting is not a kind of hand-made colour-photography which has discovered how to record appearances even when the solid, earthly object is not available for the painter to copy. Painting is the art of

 [*Continued on page 53*

By courtesy of the Victoria & Albert Museum

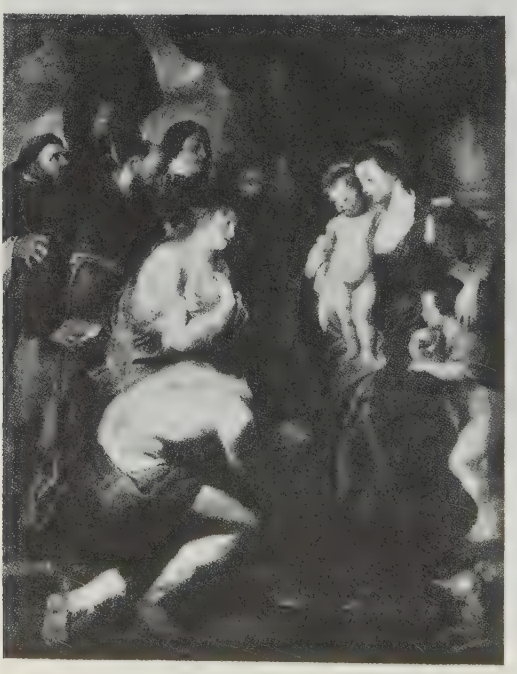
WILLIAM BLAKE

The Ancient of Days



RUBENS — Venus, Mars and Cupid

RUBENS — The Holy Family



RUBENS — Altar Picture

RUBENS — Hélène Froment with her first-born

Continued from page 48]

translating a state of mind into visible terms, just as music translates a state of mind into audible terms. If the painter *feels* the difference between St. Peter, whom he has never seen, and dear old Mr. Smith who catches the 8.40 from Surbiton every morning, then the difference is sure to appear in his picture. In a materialistic age, when the religious state of mind, the sense of the unseen, has been eclipsed by the artist's interest in the material, visible world around him, religious painting in the true sense of the word becomes impossible. The painter may choose a religious subject (and, indeed, the nineteenth century produced plenty of paintings on religious themes), but his picture will bear no closer relationship to religion than a portrait of old Mr. Smith of Surbiton will bear to a picture of St. Peter. It was not an accident that the French Impressionists of the late nineteenth century produced brilliantly successful paintings of the visible world—Monet in landscape, Degas in figure painting—and no religious painting of any merit at all. The eighteenth century, because it believed in reason, was equally incapable of achieving the mystical frame of mind without which truly religious painting is impossible.

Attitude to Unseen World

But I am narrowing the meaning of the word 'religious' by identifying it with Christianity. Man has always created his own unseen gods, and then defined his attitude to them in his art. In fact, his attitude to his unseen gods is the true and only subject-matter of religious art. Sometimes it was fear, and his art became an elaborate ritual of appeasement, which accounts for most of the magnificent but terrifying art that has come out of Primitive Africa. Sometimes the god was a remote, impersonal being, whose interest in mankind was confined to the world of the dead. Out of that attitude sprang the fantastically complex ritualistic art of Egypt. Sometimes his gods were glorifications of himself—his own virtues and weaknesses. Hence the heroic, physically perfect gods and goddesses of the Greek temples. Sometimes they were almost abstract ideas of tenderness or suffering, with hardly any physical existence at all. Hence the disembodied but lovely elaboration of medieval art. Later, men rediscovered the material world and the religious art of the Renaissance achieved that wonderful fusion between heaven and earth which seemed, for a brief century, to solve the problem of how to translate an attitude of mind into a concrete image.

It could only be a brief century. Between Fra Angelico's radiant innocence at the beginning of the fifteenth century and Raphael's serene sophistication at the end of it, almost anything was possible. Religious art—even mediocre religious art—expressed a perfect reconciliation between the soul and the body, this world and the next, man and God. Then came the downward slope, the gradual victory of the physical world, the gradual defeat of the spirit, until Rubens, in the seventeenth century, produced so-called religious pictures which were nothing more (I would have written 'nothing less' if this article were not about religious art) than magnificent glorifications of the material world. In the art of Rubens, Saint Peter and old Mr. Smith become indistinguishable, and both are charged with exuberant vitality. Rubens painted pictures of the Madonna and Child, of Venus and Cupid, and of his beautiful wife nursing her baby boy; and the three kinds of picture are almost identical in mood. If religious art is the expression of man's attitude to the unseen world of the spirit, it died in the seventeenth century and, to all intents and purposes, remained dead until the twentieth. During those two blank centuries—the one dominated by reason and good taste, the other by ethics and sentiment—the only valid religious art came from men quite out of tune with their age. The most remarkable of them, William Blake, even found it necessary to invent a religion of his own. His visionary art, profoundly religious and unquestionably sincere, was understood only by a tiny handful of his contemporaries; he had to wait for our own century for full recognition.

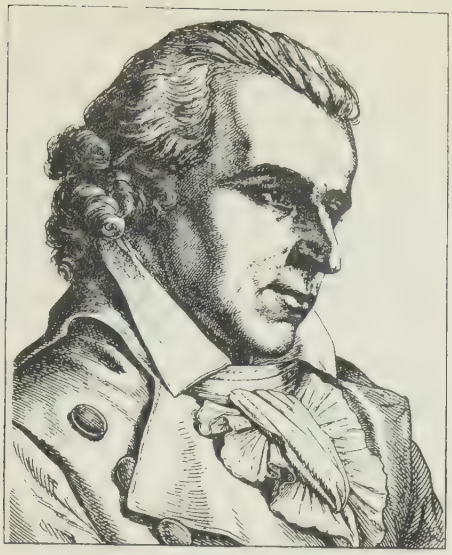
Today the unseen world is once more the painter's province. The age of realism is over. The painter is no longer primarily interested in the 'look' of things as the Impressionists were. The stage is set for a revival of religious art, a re-statement in contemporary terms of man's attitude to his gods. But, unfortunately, to set the stage for a revival is not quite enough. The stage may be set, but the auditorium is still empty, and no artist is quite happy without an audience. The old Puritanism persists. Cromwell's deep distrust of the artist has become a habit, and the Church itself subscribes to the habit which it rationalises by specious arguments. Instead of having the courage to say with Cromwell, 'Art is a wicked, idolatrous activity', to knock the heads off the statues and cover the frescoes with whitewash, it says either 'Art is an expensive luxury; the State may be able to furnish its museums with it and the rich man his drawing-room, but we Christians have to spend our money more wisely and more prudently'; or, alternatively, 'The modern artist is an unintelligible crank. If we *must* have art in our churches, let it be the respectable, mass-produced product of the commercial church decorator. Nothing original, nothing contemporary for us, thank you.'

Art and Religion Divorced

An occasional exception proves this lamentable rule and deceives the optimist into thinking that a revival of religious art is afoot. Stanley Spencer has painted a Resurrection, a Christ carrying the cross, and has filled a chapel at Burghclere with mural paintings that are nothing if they are not religious. Henry Moore has carved a Madonna and Child; Graham Sutherland has painted a Crucifixion. But it is as well to remember that the two Spencer pictures are not in a church but in the Tate Gallery; that the Burghclere Chapel was built for him by patrons who were more anxious to serve art than religion, and that it is not regularly used as a place of worship; and that the congregation of St. Matthew's Church, Northampton, which houses Sutherland's picture and Moore's statue, are by no means unanimous in their approval. In fact, the best religious art of today is the result of a demand from the lover of art, not from the enthusiast for religion. Art and religion have been divorced for so long in the minds of the public and of the Church, that on the rare occasions when they do live together again, there seems to be something dangerously immoral in the reunion. The Church, in order to feel respectable, has to return to a watered-down version of the idiom of five hundred years ago. Christianity, once the most courageous of religions, is now the most timidly conservative.

There was nothing timid in Massacio's crucifixions at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and there is nothing timid about Sutherland's in the middle of the twentieth. It is an unforgettable symbol of suffering. Had it been a realistic representation of a particular crucified man, it would have been both painful and meaningless. But being half abstract, it becomes timeless; and being completely personal instead of a feeble echo of the Renaissance, it becomes contemporary. These two qualities are essential to all religious art. The African ritual mask, the Egyptian carving of Osiris, the Byzantine image of Christ Pantocreator, Sutherland's crucifixion—all these are timeless in that they were conceived by the soul of man and not by his eye. But because each was the conception of a soul firmly embedded in his own period and his own environment, they are contemporary. They could only have been produced at a given moment of time. That is what gives them their validity.

The Christian Church of today seems to be ignorant of this simple truth. It still hopes that the eye can be a substitute for the soul, and it still thinks that Raphael was somehow more 'religious' than Graham Sutherland. As soon as it realises that, if a religion is alive, it must be reinterpreted in contemporary terms by each successive generation of artists, the long-awaited revival of religious art will become possible.



JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, 1759–1805. 'It was only his mind that Goethe opened to his friend'

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, 1749–1832. Of all modern men of genius, he is the most UNIVERSAL

GOETHE

THE LONELY POET

EDWARD SHANKS

It now astonishes me to remember that, when I was in my twentieth year, I said to an older, wiser and, fortunately, more tolerant man that there seemed to be nothing worth reading in the whole of German literature outside Heine. He said: 'Have you tried Goethe?' I replied that I had and that he was dull.

This may have been because my edition of Goethe was repellently ugly, so that I had never troubled to find my way about in it. It cannot have been more than a few months later that I picked up a selection of Goethe's lyrical poems, arranged, with portraits and biographical notes, so as to show his development as a poet and as a man. This is evidently the right way of approach, for did not he himself say that all his works were only the fragments of a great confession? At any rate, that book violently changed my outlook overnight. I had the sort of experience which Keats describes in the sonnet on Chapman's *Homer*. I had not dreamed that such a world lay unexplored on my bookshelves. I became at once almost infatuated.

Such an effect on a young man of twenty may be in itself no great matter. But it does leave something in the mind of that man for him to consider in later life. Goethe had a deep effect on me which endured for several years and did harm as well as good. I struggled free from it at last. I find myself writing (I think, in 1920):

'Goethe knew a great deal about life, but he preserved himself for eighty-three years from any too close experience of it. He is the observer seated on the water's

edge whose keen sight penetrates very far down into the depths; but he is necessarily without the more poignant, if more restricted, knowledge of the man who has fallen in, who knows from immediate experience that water is wet and what it feels like to drown.'

Having written that, I thought my account with Goethe was closed. Certainly it seems now a harshly conclusive judgment on a great artist. What I feel, reading it now, is that it shows traces of that too common disease of the critical mind, the tendency to complain that a poet of one sort is not a poet of quite a different sort, as though one should rebuke Herrick for not writing like Milton. There are perhaps traces, too, of something even less easy to confess—of resentment of a domination which had lasted too long.

II

The case against Goethe is easy enough to make. He deserted Friederike Brion, probably (though not certainly) after seducing her. He made literary capital out of his intrusion into the life of his friends, Lotte Buff and Johann Kestner. He wriggled and wrenched his way, not very honestly, certainly not at all kindly, out of his betrothal to Lili Schönemann. The way in which he ended his long and close liaison with Charlotte von Stein was even more wounding. His treatment of his mother is notorious. She adored him and, it would seem, he had once adored her, but she died without having seen him for eleven years. His one relationship with a woman which can be described as tender to the end was with Christiane Vulpius, whom he married after she had lived with him for twenty years. He did this to give her the protection of his name during the French occupation of Weimar, after the Battle of Jena. She had ministered first to his sensual and then to his domestic needs, and had never sought to break into his intellectual and spiritual privacy. As she grew older, she began to drink, which he supported in patience. When she died, his grief was uncontrolled, and he wrote:

> Der ganze Gewinn meines Lebens
> Ist ihren Verlust zu beweinen.[1]

After his early years he formed no intimate associations with other men. Of his friendship with Schiller I see that I wrote: 'It was only his mind that Goethe opened to his friend. He showed towards him none of the irrational, affectionate, spontaneous impulses which prove that the inward springs of the spirit are loosened.' Whatever else I may repent of, that still seems to me to be true. And all this can be summed up in a phrase by that lost genius, Charles Sorley, who wrote in a letter: 'If Goethe really died saying "more light", it was very silly of him: what *he* wanted was more warmth.'

III

So there is the case against Goethe. What is to be said on his side? First, I think, his own repeated statement that he felt himself to be driven by a dæmon. Second, the statement which, so far as I know, he made only once, but which is none the less valid for that, that he had never known what it was to be happy for twenty-four hours on end.

Dæmon-driven or hag-ridden? Perhaps it does not much matter which of the two phrases we choose. It was the hag or the dæmon of a perpetual loneliness that haunted him. Just what this was in his nature and how deep it lay, we cannot easily tell. But out of it came his tragedy and out of that his greatness. Lewes says: 'The kiss he feared to press upon the loving lips of Friederike—the life of sympathy he refused to share with her—are wanting to the greatness of his works.' But that is not, as Lewes thought, and as I once thought, a matter for reproach against Goethe. He might have wished to follow the easier, the pleasanter path. It was not possible for him. To preserve the integrity of his genius he must remain alone.

When one begins to look at him from this point of view, it is striking to observe how many of his characters suffered from this curse of loneliness. Werther went into the final disaster without a friend. Perhaps

[1] 'The whole gain of my life is now to weep for her loss.'

the grandest fragment of Goethe's young days is the monologue spoken by Prometheus. But, after all, there is no need to go further for an example than Faust, the man made unique, separated from all the rest of the world, by his pact with the Devil. If there is another to be mentioned, it is that of *The Wandering Jew*, which might have been a work of the same dimensions as *Faust*, but was destined to be only another item in the long list of its author's unfinished works, not having reached the length of three hundred lines.

Is it possible to discover what laid this ineluctable loneliness on Goethe's shoulders? He described himself as isolated in the Germany of his time. He was not, as he thought he would have wished to be, the inheritor of a great tradition. German literature, owing to the repeated devastations of the country, was relatively barren until his appearance. His misfortune, perhaps, was that, until he formed his association with Schiller (which was not until he was in the middle forties), he knew no German author whom he was able to regard as his intellectual equal. (For a long time before that, he had thought of Schiller mainly as a poet of regrettable tendencies.) He was not only without predecessors but also without contemporaries. It is also to be observed that, after the publication of *Werther*, he was never again a really popular author. The reception of his works was often disappointing to him. His ultimate fame was the triumph, partly, no doubt, of longevity but also of the *persona* he had made for himself; and that may be thought to have been the result of the adamant element in his nature which made him live for ever alone. He frightened everybody. You might be flippant about the Geheimrat when you were a long way away from him: the closer you came, the more respectful you were. He reduced even Heine to mumbling stupidities—as Heine cheerfully acknowledged. But what lay behind this achievement is a matter for guesswork: much agony, I suspect, and not much of the self-satisfaction that the world read in his cold, serene and handsome countenance.

Let me revert to that earlier and, as I begin to suspect, rather self-satisfied judgment of mine. I threw doubt on the existence of Goethe's 'dæmon' and said that 'perhaps his fear of this force and the limits he set upon it were greater realities in his life than it was itself.' I added:

'He was unboundedly inflammable; but he contrived—and "contrived" is the word—to remain single up to the age of fifty-seven. Men of dæmonic character are very frequently unhappy in their married lives; but I do not think that we see them very frequently enjoying quite so many hairbreadth escapes from that most serious of all human decisions.'

This has some relevance, but all the same is superficial. There can be more than one sort of dæmon and it is even possible that Goethe was mistaken about the nature of his. But that there was a power in him which ruled him, which made him unhappy and which perhaps determined the character of his work, is beyond dispute. It is not fanciful to see in him something which wished to make the surrender that companionship requires and was always overruled by the stronger force.

IV

What, then, was the work he did? Emerson said that he was not an artist. This is true to the extent that he desired to be an artist and something more as well. In this he resembled Leonardo (and also in the strange loneliness of his spirit). He spent a great deal of his time in scientific research, much of it misdirected. He complained about people who would come bothering him over poetry and the theatre when he was devoting his best endeavours to refuting the errors of Newton on the nature of light and colour.

But when we say that he was not an artist, we must cast back our minds to that declaration of his that he had never known what it was to be happy for twenty-four hours on end. He was often happy, if not for as long as that, and he was often an artist. There is exultant happiness in what

may be reckoned his first great poem, which is, incidentally, the best evidence for the belief that he seduced Friederike. This is *Wilkommen 'und Abschied*, which begins:

Es schlug mein Herz; geschwind zu Pferde,
Und fort, wild, wie ein Held zur Schlacht!
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht,

and which ends:

Ich ging, du standst und sahst zur Erden,
Und sahst mir nach mit nassem Blick;
Und doch, welch Glück geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück![1]

The words '*und doch*'—'and yet'—have an extraordinary and revealing poignancy.

It is as a lyric poet that Goethe will always maintain his strongest hold on the greatest number of minds. This is, so to speak, the spearhead of his attack, the part of his work which makes the most immediate appeal, the one with which it is least easy to find serious fault. When we consider this, it seems a little odd, perhaps a little ungrateful, that he should have complained that his native language had done nothing for him, that he had everything to make for himself. For never can a poet have been more fortunate than in the heritage of German folk-song which he found ready to his hand. Out of this came his early poetry, and the music remained with him to the end of his life, though more and more the key was altered to something sadder. But who can doubt the joy which spouts up in such a poem as *Der Musensohn*?

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum . . .[2]

In his early twenties Goethe knew creative happiness. It was most probably Lili Schönemann who first revealed to him that element in his nature which forbade him intimate communion with any other person. There is a painful note in the poems which she inspired, and after this the gravest and the saddest pieces are almost always the best.

Soon after this episode came the removal (or the flight) to Weimar, where Goethe became first the boon companion, and then the efficient and industrious Minister, of Duke Karl August. The moment, if not the action, drew a sharp line across the course of his life. Before he went to Weimar he had not only planned, but also executed, such considerable works as *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Werther*. He had further projects in hand. There seemed no reason why he should not continue to add other works of increasing richness and maturity to his achievement.

V

But his course from now on was more irregular and more laborious. I have already mentioned the long list of his unfinished works. One might make as long a list of those which stood long on the stocks and were completed at last only with effort and with an obvious loss of their original *élan*. Of these, alas, *Faust* is one! We can properly rejoice that it was finished at all, and own that some of the later additions to it, like the *Prologue in Heaven*, are among the most glorious things that Goethe ever wrote. Nevertheless, like so many things he did in his later years (*Wilhelm Meister* is another example), it can be accused of being in the last analysis, and in a brutal phrase, a rag-bag. It has no shape: it does not consistently pursue or illustrate a theme. It is an incongruous mixture of the young poet and the middle-aged thinker. *Werther*, with all its youthful imperfections, compares with it as a masterpiece of design. But then *Werther* was written in a single burst from a single impulse. And those later works, such as *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, *Tasso* and *Die Natürliche Tochter*, in which the principles of design were

[1] 'My heart beat; quickly to horse and away, wildly, like a hero into battle! Already evening was cradling the earth, and night hung on the mountains. . . . I went, you stood and looked at the ground and looked after me with wet eyes; and yet what bliss to be loved and, ye Gods, what bliss to love!'

[2] 'I can hardly wait for them, the first flower in the garden, the first blossom on the tree..

sedulously observed, lack spontaneity almost altogether.

It is likely that no great poet, not even Wordsworth, had as much cause as Goethe to look back on his early beginnings and lament how little had come of them. When he was old, he said one day that if he had all to do again, he would revolutionise the methods of poetry, he would reject all the canons, he would deal as he pleased with metre and rhyme. It was an odd outburst, seeing how close he came to doing this in his pre-Weimar days. In 1774, in *Prometheus*, fragment of a fragment, he wrote what nowadays is called *vers libre*, and wrote it with superb effect, as does not always happen nowadays:

Bedecke deine Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn;
Musst mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn
Und meine Hütte, die du nich gebaut,
Und meinen Herd,
Um dessen Glut
Du mich beneidest.[1]

Thirty years or so later he forbade the reprinting of this poem because it contained revolutionary tendencies.

By then the cold of loneliness had settled upon him. He pursued wisdom and we shall be wrong if, in predilection for the poetic side of him, we overlook how much of it he concentrated in the gnomic writings of his old age, even in the tortuous labyrinth of the second part of *Faust*. But the purely poetic side continued. It springs to life in dozens of pieces reminiscent of those of his youth, sometimes even almost as cheerful. He was still capable of falling in love and in his seventies was visited by a passion which inspired the *Trilogie der Leidenschaft* and brought back to him the ghost of Werther.

But the larger part of his later life was spent in the strict control of an inward sorrow, which we may, however doubtfully and timorously, interpret as his sense that the dæmon had frustrated him. For once I will venture on a translation in verse of what seems to me to be a crucial passage:

Who never ate with tears his bread,
Nor spent the heavy midnight hours,
Lying and weeping on his bed,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

And, for the end, we may apply to him the words which he put into the mouth of Mignon: '*allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude*'—'alone and parted from all joy.' Yet never shall we feel that from the distance of his isolation he had nothing to say to us.

[1] 'Cover your heaven, Zeus, with the smoke of clouds, and do as a boy does, lopping the heads of thistles, but thou with oaks and mountain peaks; yet you must leave me my earth still standing, and my shelter, which you did not build, and my hearth, the glow of which you envy me.'

Goethe's Philosophy

What gives him his special importance is precisely the circumstance that in his case and in his judgment the question of how to live and how to make life controllable, not as a question of theory but as one of urgent practice, had to come first, and that the questions usually, but wrongly, held to be prior, the question of being wise and the question of being creative, had to follow it and be dealt with accordingly. Both his poetry and his philosophy, or rather his poetry and his philosophy together, the two being not easily separable without loss to either, derive their value from being thus integrated with the problem of living.

From *A Study of Goethe* by Barker Fairley

Lord Salisbury as a Man of Faith

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the Mansion House was sensible, quiet, and, on the whole, reassuring. Its best notes were the last, in which he sounded once more the sonorous chord of the Federation of Europe, and the first, in which he announced that, after much fencing, Mr. Ritchie had at last succeeded in bringing the Engineers and their Employers into Conference. It is possible that, by much iteration and reiteration, the Tory Prime Minister may convince even Radical journalists of the Forward school that in the European Concert—that inchoate Federation of Europe—we have the only hope of the United States of Europe, the establishment of which ought to be one of the foremost objects of every Progressive. It is true that the European Concert is, as Lord Salisbury admitted, not a record-breaker for speed. But therein it resembles 'the mills of God'. Ibsen's remark that, whatever might be said of Nature, one thing was obvious—she was not economical—is especially true about time. Nature always takes her time. And the evolution of the United States of Europe is an operation so vast that the goal is not to be attained by a hop, a skip, and a jump. At last some people are beginning to wake up to the discovery that Lord Salisbury, whom it is the fashion to deride as a cynic, has more faith hidden behind his cynical pose than most of the blatant asserters of their belief. Of which fact this constant fidelity to the Federation of Europe is a case in point.

ENGLISH
Dancing on the Lion's Tail
From the *Westminster Gazette*

Towards the United States of Europe

It is a curious phenomenon that nearly every forward step that has been taken of late towards the development of the United States of Europe has been due to the initiative of Russia. The latest Russian proposal was intended to remove the paralysis of Europe. It is stated that Russia proposed for the despatch of business in Crete that the Concert should agree to settle questions by the vote of the majority, instead of insisting as at present upon absolute unanimity. The proposal was supported by Germany, Austria and France, but rejected by the dissentient votes of England and Italy. The latter Powers maintain that as they have done most of the work in maintaining peace in Crete, they ought not to be asked to give the control of the future of Crete into the hands of a majority of the Powers whose views would generally be in opposition to their own. Of course, there is a great deal to be said in favour of insisting upon unanimity in the Concert. Still, the Russian proposal is right in the main, and with a modification will have to be accepted. That modification is that all questions should be decided by a majority, excepting in such cases where any one of the Powers reserves the right to exercise its right of veto, i.e. the decision of the European Concert will be by a majority of votes, subject to a *Liberum Veto* which each Power would be free to exercise when it deemed the occasion sufficiently grave. The present system of insisting upon actual unanimity upon every trivial detail does more than anything else to bring the Concert into contempt.

The Headship of the English Race Will It Be British or American?

The question whether the English-speaking race will crystallise into unity around Washington or London is a problem of which we shall

hear much more in the twentieth century than we have done in the nineteenth. Neither in Britain nor in the United States has much attention been paid to the question, which underlies the whole future relations of the Empire and the Republic. It is interesting to find the subject mooted by a Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in the *Fortnightly Review* for December.

The Problem of the British Empire

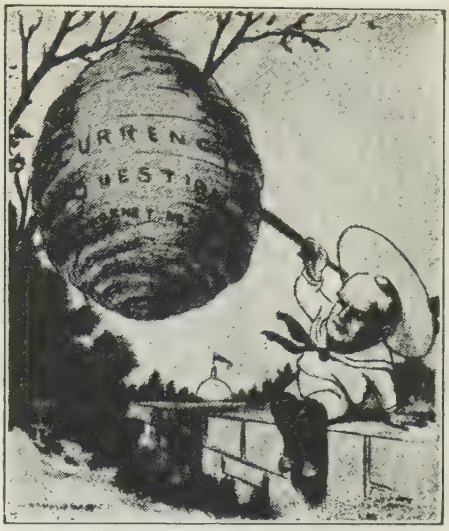
After giving in general terms the result of his survey of the British Empire, he declares that the problem of the British Empire is the question whether England or the United States will take precedence in the English-speaking race. He says:

The British Empire exists, and exists as a republic, a confederation of States. How long will it probably last? That is the final problem. In order to solve it, we must take a still wider sweep and look at the Anglo-Saxon world as a whole. It will then be seen that this world has two poles, one in London, the other in Washington. On reflection it would not seem that unity can be attained by means of an agreement between England and the United States. Such an agreement would have to be absolute. Now an understanding is possible, but absolute agreement will be unattainable for a long time to come. One thing, however, is obvious, that the United States can take 'precedence' of the British Empire in default of England, and that they will take it if once she lets it go. The feeling of emulation and jealousy which exists between the Americans and the English wears off as soon as the latter have left England behind them; the Scotch and the Irish have never shared in it. Thus the newborn British nations have no feeling but fraternal sympathy with the Americans.

Our Talisman of Empire

His way of accounting for the unity of the Empire in the midst of its endless diversity is worth noting. He says:

We are looking for unity and at the very outset we find contrast. The first thing which strikes us is a complete diversity in the conditions of life, in the solution of economic difficulties, and in all social problems. For, mysterious as it seems, the germ of union is strong—stronger than all the forces that make for disunion. You may be sure that this apparent uniformity would not be so obvious if it did not correspond to some hidden reality. It is in the minds of the people that uniformity is absolute. After all, there is something which is superior to all influences of climate, of heredity, of language even, something in which the whole force of Anglo-Saxon civilisation lies—it is the possession of one and the same conception of social life. The English hold this talisman to-day. They have found an answer to the riddle of existence which has amply satisfied millions of their fellow-men, and a human formula which has amalgamated different races and caused opposed religions to collaborate for a common end.



LOOK OUT! WILLIE MCKINLEY

Don't stir up a currency agitation From *Judge*

Liberty as it was in Spain

Mr. John Foreman, writing on 'The State of Spain', draws a terrible picture of the reign of terror which prevailed under the Government of Canovas. He says:

Expression of public opinion was stifled, except in such formidable institutions as the Republican Union. Small meetings of the middle classes were constantly raided by the police with excessive violence. The obnoxious *Consumos* tax (levied upon commodities) was largely increased, and rented out to a band of ruffians who, through their agents, assumed tyrannical authority over the people, giving rise to open riot in many towns, especially in Madrid itself, where the troops were called out, and charged the indignant mob. On the pretext of anarchism no man's life or property was safe. On the declaration of any low, irresponsible informer, the secret police would forcibly enter the premises of any peaceful citizen, arrest him, and torture him. He would then find himself arraigned before a judge indisposed to listen to his defence, and finally purchase his freedom in the form of fees.

I.H.S.

The Rev. Stewart F. L. Bernays contributes 'More Humours of Clerical Life'. Let us hope that Mr. Bernays has an inexhaustible repertoire. Here is one of his stories:

A certain vicar, soon after his arrival in the parish, placed a new cloth upon the altar, upon the centre of which was embroidered a large cross. Such strong opposition was raised to this symbol of our Christianity, that the vicar gave way before the storm and had the initials I.H.S. substituted. A parishioner who was not all in favour of the change, on being asked the meaning of the letters, replied, 'Well, don't you know what it means? It means, "I Hope you're Satisfied".'

SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA

REVIEWED BY MAURICE RICHARDSON

SIR THOMAS MORE, 1478–1535, *English statesman and author*

VARIOUS ingredients go to compose a Utopia. In addition to a certain amount of indispensable high serious purpose and reformist zeal, there is bound to be a generous dollop of wish-fulfilment, a strong tincture of satire, and, very likely, a wistful flavour of nostalgia. The exact proportions vary according to the author and his period. In this respect one of many melancholy sidelights on the present condition of the Race is provided by the modern tendency to use the Utopian form in order to embody fantasies of a ghastlier future developing out of the admittedly pretty ghastly present, to turn Utopia into its opposite, in fact. Today, the amiable progressive who outlines his conception of the ideal, aseptic, electronic future of the type on which Wells flourished is likely to encounter a reaction similar to that expressed by the second Black Crow who declared whenever his partner made a remark: 'Boy, even if that was good, I wouldn't like it.'

In the history of Utopias, More occupies a special place. It can be argued that the genealogy of the genuinely revolutionary trend derives from More's contemporary, Thomas Munzer, the German anabaptist and peasant agitator, who was one of the first propagandists of a communist egalitarian Kingdom of Heaven on earth, but there is no doubt that More was an extreme radical in relation to the politics of his time, if not a revolutionary. In a 'loyalty test' on the American pattern he would be unable to escape being branded as a 'red'; despite his canonisation not even Cardinal Mundelein could save him.

The ingredient which predominates in More's Utopia is high serious purpose and political satire of a very direct type. Though a man of graceful literary accomplishment, he is not a great artist-satirist of the type of Rabelais or Swift, able to charge his fantasy with a life of its own. His is the political thinker's Utopia, closely related to the social conditions of his time, planned in concrete detail, very different from the dreamy, idyllic anarchy of Gonzalo's Commonwealth in the *Tempest*.

The period was one of acute transition and extreme complication. Rapid social and political changes were taking place, but many of the new issues which were emerging were not yet clear cut; the forms had not yet reached finality. Feudalism was dying, having spent itself in the suicidal Wars of the Roses. The Tudor Monarchy

was consolidating its power by means of experimental alliances with the new middle classes and was on the verge of experimenting further with the new religious ideology of protestantism.

This, very roughly, very schematically, was the shifting background against which More began to write his *Utopia* in the spring of 1515 during his spare time when serving as a member of Tunstall's Embassy to the Netherlands 'for the continuance of the treaties of intercourse between the late kings of England and Castile.' It was a turning point in More's own life; his contemplative period was coming to an end, for in 1517 Henry VIII, entranced by his ability as a casuist, 'dragged him', as Erasmus put it, 'to court', to the brilliant public career, to the Woolsack, and eventually to the scaffold.

His inspiration can be traced from several sources. There was Plato. There was the 'humanist international' of which More, Erasmus (who expressed open sympathy with a form of communism), and Colet (who in a sermon preached before the king declared that wars were seldom undertaken 'except from hatred and ambition'), were the triumvirate. The framework was provided by the Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, one of which describes the idyllic existence of the inhabitants of the Cape Verde Islands.[1]

More represents his hero Raphael Hythlodaye (the name signifies 'skilful babbler') as having sailed with Vespucci and discovered the Island of Utopia or Nowhere. He uses a lot of ingenious circumlocution and mystification, which is partly humorous and partly no doubt a precaution against the local Dies committee.

Comparison with England

Hythlodaye, in beginning his story, remarks that he has visited England, and the first book of *Utopia* is largely given over to a searing description of the crisis-ridden condition of the island, the countryside full of disbanded soldiers and ex-retainers, the misery caused by the landlords' reckless policy of enclosure.

'Your sheep,' says Hythlodaye in a famous passage, 'that were wont to be so meek and so tame and so small eaters, now, as I hear say, be become so great devourers and so wild that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves. . . .' He goes on to castigate 'noblemen and gentlemen, yea and certain Abbotts, holy men, God wot, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to go to their forefathers and predecessors of their lands', recklessly proceeded to 'enclose all in pastures leaving nothing standing but only the church to make of it a sheephouse.'

Side by side with all this chaos and wretchedness is to be found another state of affairs that resembles a modern Black Market Economy run wild, a kind of sixteenth-century spiv's paradise.

'For not only gentlemen's servants but also handicraftmen, yea, and almost the ploughmen of the country, with all other sorts of people, use much strange and proud newfangledness in their apparel and to much prodigal riot and sumptuous fare at their table. Now bawds, queans, whores, harlots, strumpets, brothelhouses, stews and yet other stews [some of these distinctions must surely be highly academic] wine-taverns, alehouses and tippling houses, with so many naughty, lewd and unlawful games as dice, cards, tabletennis, bowls, coits, do not all these send the haunters of them straight a stealing when their money is all gone?'

Some of these latter strictures sound unduly austere, but More's asceticism is in reality fairly moderate, the product of an obsessional passion for order rather than of a sadistic desire to suppress pleasure. He had a marked strain of epicureanism where food was concerned. On the whole, it is the character of princes, not the common man, which comes in for the sharpest dressing down.

In the second book Hythlodaye describes the institutions and customs which obtain in the Island of Utopia and which so delighted him. The Island is remarkable for its planned orderliness. There are fifty-four

cities, large and well built, and conveniently spaced, of which the capital, Amaurote, is plainly contrasted with London as a model of what a city should be, not only architecturally but also with regard to sanitary conditions and public health—in both of which the London of More's day was notoriously lacking; there was but one public hospital and the streets were open sewers.

The same principle of orderly planning, worked out in great practical detail, extends to the economic and political organisation of the Utopians. '*There being no property among them,*' says Hythlodaye, 'every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever.' They work a six-hour day on a shift system and 'besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself.' Leisure is amply catered for on highly cultured third programme lines. There is any amount of popular science and there are careful provisions to ensure that no branch of learning shall be the property of a sole caste. Clothes—here More's slight tendency to austerity again shows itself—tend to be of the utility pattern, 'throughout the island without any distinction except what is necessary to distinguish between the two sexes and the married and the unmarried.'

Was he a 'Crypto'?

Utopia pre-supposes immense industry upon the part of the population, but specially unpleasant tasks are performed partly by a special grade of Utopian Monk, a kind of utility St. Francis. More's principles do rather break down at this point, for he ends by prescribing compulsory labour for some criminals and an ingeniously invented category, 'the poor of the neighbouring countries who offer to their own accord', to come and serve the Utopians.

The penal code is correspondingly enlightened. Morals are fairly strict. Divorce is permissible but monogamy is compulsory. The position of women is fairly free though husbands have power 'to correct' their wives in extreme cases. A notable solution of the problem of housewife's drudgery, and whatever the equivalent of queueing was in the early sixteenth century, is provided by a system of common meals, Tudor forerunners of the British Restaurant.

Government is by a system of elected magistrates and a Prince who is elected for life but can be removed on suspicion of tyranny. There is a senate whose duties are chiefly those of a state planning commission or Ministry of Supply and Labour combined.

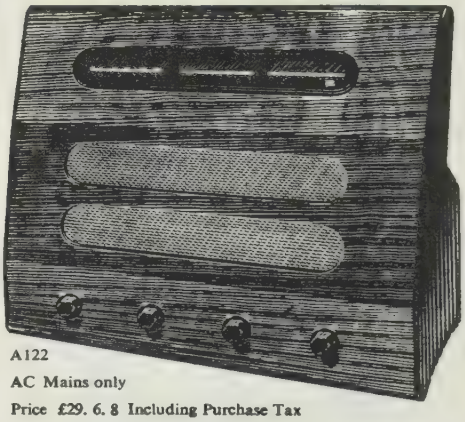
Foreign policy is simple and ultra-realistic. The Utopians do not make treaties with foreign peoples as they know that 'such treaties are only kept so long as they are advantageous.' They rely on themselves and on the economic dependence of neighbours on them. They are essentially pacific and non-aggressive.

Coming from the brain of such a devout Catholic as More, the Utopian Church is perhaps the most surprising of all his conceptions. It has abolished aural confession, priestly celibacy, and the worship of images. It even provides for the election of priests and admits women to the priesthood.

More's *Utopia* is based on small-scale production; he could hardly have been expected to have foreseen the development of a modern industrial proletariat; but it is impossible to avoid describing his book as a blueprint for a socialist state which is some way to the Left of Plato's Republic. Strenuous attempts have been made to avoid just this conclusion. Some commentators have dismissed the socialist element in *Utopia* as airy fantasy, the product of More's whimsical ironic disposition, which was such that it was often difficult to know whether he jested or was in earnest. Some Catholics have pointed to his harshness towards heretics. Others have taken comfort from the fact of his Platonism. For More, as for his master Plato, they argue, the real world, this vale of tears, was but an insubstantial reflection of the ideal. But when all is said and done, it seems difficult to acquit More, especially in relation to his time, of being at least a crypto if not something worse.

murphy brings it home to you...

The A122 marks one more step on the road that we have been travelling since we produced the first Murphy set nearly 20 years ago. It is designed with one main aim — to reproduce as faithfully as possible the sounds that are transmitted to it. No doubt, as time goes by, we shall produce better sets. But to-day we don't think you will find a better reproducing instrument at its price.



A122
AC Mains only
Price £29. 6. 8 Including Purchase Tax

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

C.B.C.230

The best in a day's walk

The Courtyard of Coughton Court, Warwickshire.
(One of the properties of the National Trust.)

NUGGET BOOT POLISH

IN BLACK, BROWN & DARK BROWN.

Supreme for Quality

N/NU

65

Which way to the world? If you want to know the Speedbird way to any points between Montreal and Hong Kong, between Glasgow and Johannesburg—look for the B.O.A.C. sign outside a Travel Agency. The man inside will give you not only the Speedbird routes, times and frequencies, but advice on anything to do with air travel from packing to passports. All his experience is freely at your service.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD BY SPEEDBIRD

B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A., T.E.A.L

This Christmastide please think of the patients in The Royal Cancer Hospital, visited with a malignant disease that is among the most dreaded enemies of mankind, and send a gift, as much as you can afford, to the Secretary.

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

New Books

A FREE AND RESPONSIBLE PRESS

Report of the Commission on Freedom of the Press

Cambridge University Press. 15s.

Reviewed by W. J. Brown, M.P.

The members of the Commission on Freedom were selected by Mr. Robert M. Hutchins, who acted as Chairman of the Commission. The inquiry was financed by grants of 200,000 dollars from *Time*, and 15,000 dollars from the Encyclopædia Britannica. But the money was disbursed through the University of Chicago, whose disinterestedness is beyond dispute, and neither of the two publishing houses nor the University of Chicago had any control over, or assumed any responsibility for, the progress or the conclusions of the inquiry.

The upshot of the Commission's work was the Report which constitutes the substance of this book. It covers not only newspapers, but radio, motion pictures, magazines and books, which together constitute the 'Mass Communication' which the Commission took as its field.

The Report begins by considering the problem to be faced and the principles on which consideration of the problem should rest. Modern society requires great agencies of mass communication. If these concentrations become so powerful that they are a threat to democracy, and if democracy cannot solve the problem simply by breaking them up—then those agencies must either control themselves, or be controlled by government. If they are controlled by government, we lose our chief safeguard against totalitarianism, and indeed take a great stride towards it. That is the problem. Freedom of the press is vital. But in modern conditions it can only continue as an accountable freedom. Its moral right to freedom depends on its acceptance of this accountability. Its legal right will only stand unaltered as its moral duty is performed.

The Report then considers what are the things which society has the right to demand from the press. It defines them thus:

1. A truthful, comprehensive, and intelligent account of the day's events in a context which gives them meaning.
2. A forum for the exchange of comment and criticism.
3. The presentation and clarification of the goals and values of society.
4. The projection of a representative picture of the constituent groups in society.

The Commission then considers the actual performance of the American Mass Communication. It finds the performance deficient, and considers many elements which enter into its unsatisfactoriness —the 'pressure of the audience', the bias of owners, the impact of advertising, and so on. It concludes that it is *not* meeting the requirements of society; and that this failure of the press is the greatest danger to its freedom.

The Report then discusses the various efforts at self-regulation—in films, radio, and the press—which at present exist, praises them, but concludes they are inadequate. 'Society should see to it that every effort is made to develop a more institutionalised or communal responsibility.'

This brings the Commission to its positive recommendations. They recommend that the constitutional guarantees of the freedom of the press should cover the radio and motion pictures. That the Government foster competition among large units through the Anti-Trust laws; but that such laws should be sparingly used.

They recommend an alteration in the law of libel to enable the injured party to obtain a retraction by the offender or an opportunity to reply to the libel: that the Government should use the medium of mass communication to inform the public in regard to its policies and purposes, and that, if mass communication does not 'play the game', the Government should itself employ media of its own in competition with the press.

Having equipped the Government with a stick to use if necessary, so to speak, the

Commission then makes recommendations to the private agencies of mass communication to put their houses in order. It recommends that members of the press should engage in vigorous mutual criticism; that the press should use every means to increase the competence, independence and effectiveness of the staff; that the radio industry should take control of its programmes and treat advertising as it is treated by the best newspapers.

Finally, it recommends the establishment of a new and independent agency to appraise and report annually on the performance of the press. This agency would set a standard for mass communications and publicly criticise failures.

This book is not an exciting one. It does not make 'good popular reading'. It reveals no scandals and seeks no scalps. But it is a thoughtful and careful study of a problem which it is vital to democracy to solve; and it is one which steers between the Scylla of an irresponsible press and the Charybdis of the State control of the press. It should be carefully studied by the members of our own Royal Commission on the press, and by all who are concerned with the problem with which it deals.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS
By Sir Arthur Salter. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by Christopher Hollis, M.P.

Sir Arthur Salter is no believer in the Marxian theory that history is but the working out of inevitable movements in which persons count for nothing. His interesting and distinguished life has brought him into personal contact with a high proportion of those who have tried, or failed, to shape the destinies of the world over the last forty years. He writes, from first-hand experience, of Balfour, Lloyd George, Macdonald, Chamberlain and Churchill among the Prime Ministers of this country, of Bryce, Haldane, Keynes and H. G. Wells among others who have strongly influenced our English life. From America, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and others come to his portrait gallery; from France, Clemenceau, Poincaré and Briand; from China the strands of that strange Soong family who would be now governing China if it were governed by anybody; from Italy, Mussolini. There can be few living men who could compile so varied a list of the personalities with whom they have worked.

Of all his characters there is none, I fancy, except Mussolini, and perhaps Poincaré, whom Sir Arthur would say categorically that he disliked, and even of these two there is no rancorous abuse. He is a man of large charity, but at the same time he is a man without illusions. For all their virtues these men have not between them made so very glorious a success of the world which they ruled. If it had been possible to say that they were all scoundrels and to blame everything on them, it would be simpler. If they were mostly men of virtue, it becomes the more important to decide what was the reason that has made their virtue have such disappointingly small effect.

So Sir Arthur's character studies are rounded with essays on Personality in History and on Personality and Power. The increasing mechanisation of life, Sir Arthur argues in the former essay, so far from destroying the importance of the personality, on the contrary has greatly increased it, since the ruler with modern machinery at his command has vastly greater power over his subjects than any ruler of the past. This is a truth which it would be foolish not to face impartially. It is not a comfortable truth. For power, as we know, has in all circumstances a corrupting influence and it is not very likely that the wielders of it will be very good men—the less likely if all checks upon them are too weak to be effective. In his concluding essay Sir Arthur argues that freedom has many important advantages in the long run. But he is well aware that the short-term advantages of tyranny may very easily mean that there is no long run for freedom and that, freedom once lost in one country, it is very difficult to see how it can be restored save by that country's defeat in war. If freedom is lost in the whole world or in a world state, it follows by analogy it is difficult to see how it can be restored at all.

These are sombre thoughts, and Sir Arthur is no easy comforter who will allow us the escape from thinking of them. At the same time he is no grim Puritan who objects to our recreating and entertaining ourselves with a few pleasant anecdotes on the way. He has come across amusing things as well as important things in his distinguished life, and there are some splendid anecdotes excellently told to beguile us by the way.

A Journal of Science and its Applications

RESEARCH

Scientific Advisory Board:

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson G.C.B., F.R.S., M.P. (*Chairman*)
Sir Wallace Akers, C.B.E.
Sir Charles Darwin, K.B.E., M.C., F.R.S.
Sir Alfred Egerton, F.R.S.
Sir Alexander Fleming, F.R.S.
Professor R. S. Hutton, D.Sc. (*Secretary*)
Sir Edward Salisbury, C.B.E., F.R.S.

Joint Editors:

Dr. P. Rosbaud and D. R. Rexworthy

The Journal is published monthly.
Annual Subscription 45s. including postage.
Detailed prospectus sent on request.

BUTTERWORTHS
SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS LTD.
BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR, LONDON, W.C.2

Primers for the Age of Plenty, No. 4
Edited by
LANCELOT HOGBEN

History of the Homeland

HENRY HAMILTON

A new and exciting English history, dealing with human needs—Land, Food, Clothes, Health, Commerce, Labour, and other questions that matter to people today.

Oversubscribed, but copies available at Booksellers
Illustrated
600 *pages* 18*s. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

New edition of this world-famous novel

ARNOLD ZWEIG

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

'The greatest novel on a war theme that we have had from any country.'—
J. B. PRIESTLEY

'A truly remarkable book, conceived on a vast scale and sustained with unfaltering power' **10/6**

Now Ready

HEINRICH MANN

MAN OF STRAW

The story of Diedrich Hessling and his rise by unscrupulous means to social and political power in a German provincial town at the end of the last century. *Man of Straw* is regarded by many as the most important book by this distinguished author
Daily Mail **10/6**

HUTCHINSON INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS Ltd

Christmas Books

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

C. R. Benstead

The author of *Alma Mater* and *Steady, Boys, Steady* has now written a hilarious history and witty study of our most cherished institution. *Illustrated* 6s.

THE PALE ARTIST

Norman Mansbridge

The well-known *Punch* artist here takes the reader behind the scenes in the life of the professional artist—and it is not what the public usually supposes!
Illustrated 6s.

DON'T DO IT

Jane Hope

'Recommended Reading' for teachers and parents on the snares and pitfalls of the teaching profession—by one who has suffered. 5s.

FREDERICK MULLER

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

for your Christmas gift books

Stock of 3 million volumes

119–125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) *Open 9-6 (inc Sats)*

Report from Spain

EMMET JOHN HUGHES

An authoritative, dispassionate study of Franco Spain written by a trained historian who was Press Attaché in Madrid from 1942–1946.
15s. *net*

Final Judgment

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN

Based on the secret German documents introduced at the Nuremberg Trials, this book, in the words of William L. Shirer, "is the stark account of the dark and sinister movement which almost wrecked our world." 12s. 6d. *net*

Still in demand

The Red Spider Web

15s. *net* BERNARD NEWMAN

Behind the Iron Curtain

12s. 6d. *net* GEORGE MOORAD

LATIMER HOUSE LIMITED

33 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

provide authoritative information on the topics of the day. Much of the information is not to be found elsewhere.

The Marshall Plan

Technical Reports

Presented under the following headings and supported by comprehensive statistics—food and agriculture, fuel and power, iron and steel, inland transport, maritime transport, timber, manpower. Eight Diagrams. Four Maps. 12s. 6d. (13s. 2d.)
The General Report 2s. (2s. 3d.)

Nuremberg Trial

Proceedings Part 12

A particularly interesting part including the evidence of Dr. Gisevius. The inside story of the blood purge of June 1934—the so-called Röhm putsch; the intrigues of 1938; and the various plots against Hitler. 7s. 6d. (8s. 2d.)

International Economic Organisations

A brief guide. 1s. (1s. 2d.)

Prices in brackets include postage.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

YORK HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (POST ORDERS P.O.B. 569, LONDON, S.E.1); 13a, CASTLE ST., EDINBURGH, 2; 39–41 KING ST., MANCHESTER, 2; 1 ST. ANDREW'S CRESCENT, CARDIFF; TOWER LANE, BRISTOL, 1; 80 CHICHESTER ST., BELFAST; or through any Bookseller.

VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS

By R. W. Thompson. *Macdonald.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Thompson's record of his 1938 journey through Paraguay and the Misiones Territory of Northern Argentine, bordering on Brazil, was first published in this country in 1940. The purpose of these travels was to find out what degree of success had been achieved by colonisation in this area, and what advice might usefully be offered to future European settlers. This new illustrated edition is also an opportune contribution towards the solution of the Displaced Persons problem which has arisen since the book was first conceived.

The potentialities of South American settlement are undoubtedly enormous, but Mr. Thompson, though a sympathetic and wise investigator, unfailingly amusing and instructive even in the most trying physical and climatic conditions, does not always present an optimistic picture.

In Paraguay most settlers were doing no more than obtaining a poor living from the land, and hopes of the future development of roads (the outstanding deficiency of the country) would appear to be constantly frustrated by the general indolence of the Paraguayans and the indifference of the settlers to the importance of co-operative effort to meet communal needs. Perhaps the most successful colonisation was being carried out by the Japanese who, at the time this book was written, were experimenting hopefully with cotton and rice. Altogether some small surplus of Yerba maté, tobacco, citrus fruits and timber is made available yearly for export, although, as the author points out, even with the building of roads there is little probability of wealth in a country which itself lacks a satisfactory 'road' to the world's markets.

Northern Argentine, however, offers a brighter prospect for the potential emigrant, and in El Dorado the author found good roads, good houses, radio, telephone, schools, hospitals, doctors, dentists, a police force, a postal service and an air service. An unfavourable comparison was inevitable between the industrious efficiency of the German settlers in El Dorado and the laziness of many British Victorian colonists, some of whom 'imagined settlement to consist of sitting back while "niggers" did the rest.'

This book is entertaining reading and of considerable topical importance in aiding the solution of one of the most pressing social problems of the moment.

JAMES CLARK

HERBERT JENKINS

ROUND THE SHIRES

By Martin S. Briggs

'A charming book, most profusely illustrated with fine line drawings. The theme of the book is to attempt to foster county-pride as a factor in our lives.'—*Game and Gun.*

Second edition now ready. 15*s. net*

MY LORD MAYOR

By William Kent and S. Van Abbé

A fascinating book by an acknowledged authority upon the Lord Mayor and the City of London. Van Abbé's pictures are exquisitely drawn. *With eight plates in full colour and over fifty line drawings.*

10*s.* 6*d. net*

HERBERT JENKINS LTD.

Christmas Books

LONDON GOES TO HEAVEN

JANE LANE

'For Miss Lane it is another triumph.'—*Sheffield Telegraph.* 10*s.* 6*d. net*

SHUTTLE

HERMON OULD

An autobiography. 15*s. net*

A RAT IN MY STOMACH

Translated by V. BASTIAN

A novel of the 'Displaced Persons' of Europe. 7*s.* 6*d. net*

EMBERS

FRANK BAKER

'*Embers* is one of the best English novels for some time past.'—*Sunday Mercury.* 7*s.* 6*d. net*

ANDREW DAKERS LIMITED

The book which is BANNED IN PALESTINE and is now published for the first time in Britain

THE RAPE OF PALESTINE

by William B. Ziff

586 pp. **Demy 8vo** **Cloth 18/-**

This book has been a best-seller in the U.S.A. Written in an easy and interesting style, it was used as a source book by the members of the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, who rejected the British plan for partition in 1938. The revised, up-to-date edition made a great impression on members of the Anglo-American Commission, whose report was published (and rejected by the British Government) last year. It is now again revised, brought completely up to date, and published in this country for the first time.

The book contains a short history of the Jews in Palestine up to the Dispersal, and of the Jewish people since that event; it tells of the origin and growth of the Zionist movement; and gives the full story of the events leading up to the League of Nations Mandate to the British Government.

It then proceeds to give the fully-documented story of the policy and actions of the Mandatory Power, and includes a commentary on the Report of the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine.

The royalties on the sale of this book will be given to the SAVE EUROPE NOW Fund.

ST. BOTOLPH PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
7 Noel Street, W.1

ANNOUNCING

'48

'THE YEAR OF REVOLUTION'

A BRILLIANT NEW WORK BY

PAUL TABORI

AND JAMES EASTWOOD

18/6 *net*

Written to commemorate the centenary of 1848, this book is both a graphic study of the great revolutions and movements of peoples in Europe and a discussion of the ideas and problems of 100 years ago that are still very much alive today. The volume is lavishly illustrated with maps and reproductions from contemporary material and will be ready 18th Dec.

ORDER NOW

MERIDIAN BOOKS LTD.
8 Garrick Street, W.C.2

What will Britain be like in 1955?

FUTURE'S fourth issue, compiled by a team of expert research writers, after an extensive study of social and economic trends is devoted to this absorbing theme.

A limited number of specimen copies of this issue is available, price 6/- each.

Subscription to six issues 34/-
POST PAID

Obtainable through your newsagent or direct from

Future

51a Rathbone Place, London, W.1

Book Tokens

are exchangeable for any book at almost any bookshop

3/6 5/- 7/6 10/6 21/-
plus threepence service fee

BOOKS ARE
ALWAYS IN SEASON

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN
By Thomas Wolfe: *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

THOMAS WOLFE: A CRITICAL STUDY
By Pamela Hansford Johnson. *Heinemann.* 6s.

SEVEN years after its publication in America, and nine years after the death of its author, *You Can't Go Home Again* has appeared in England. Those who have read Wolfe's earlier novels, but particularly *The Web and the Rock*, will require no introduction to this, his last book. Once again, the method is mainly autobiographical. George Webber, a novelist whom one may almost identify with the author himself, is still the 'hero', the sensitive centre; and the action, a series of episodes only loosely connected, occurs in the years between 1929 and 1937, in America, England and Germany.

Thomas Wolfe had all the virtues and all the defects of his originality: 'While the fury of creation was upon him, it meant sixty cigarettes a day, twenty cups of coffee, meals snatched anyhow and anywhere and at whatever time of day or night he happened to remember he was hungry.' Thus Thomas Wolfe described Webber at work; later, Webber explains to Randy Shepperton his aim as a novelist: 'To use myself to the top of my bent. To use everything I have. To milk the udder dry, squeeze out the last drop, until there is nothing left. And if I use myself as a character, to withhold nothing.'

The result, again in the words of a character in *You Can't Go Home Again*, was 'a man who writes books that are so God-damned long that few people can even pick 'em up. A man whose leeterary style is distinguished by such a command of beautiful English as she is wrote that he has rarely been known to use less than twenty-one adjectives where four would do.' In fact, only one of Wolfe's long novels was published more or less as planned by him; the others are selections from his chaotic typescripts.

His style is a mixture of colloquial American, rhetoric—reminiscent sometimes of the Old Testament, sometimes of the Elizabethan dramatists, sometimes of Whitman and Carpenter—and of the onomatopœic language of Joyce's *Ulysses*.

His mental attitude, which, in spite of himself, the critics will call 'his philosophy', is equally inconsistent. By experience he was a pessimist; but (as he writes about his friend, Randy Shepperton) '. . . there was something about his attitude, his cheerful optimism in the face of disaster, that seemed spurious . . . it was almost as if he had shut off one compartment of

NOW READY

TALKS WITH ELIZABETHANS

by

PERCY ALLEN

New evidence of a far-reaching character on the true authorship of the Shakespeare plays, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hester Dowden. It is divulged in this work, by a well-known Shakespearian critic, where six original Shakespeare MSS. can now be found. The critical analysis of the plays, the theories that are offered regarding their authorship, and the renewed contact that is made with the richest and robustest period of English letters, comprise a volume that it will be a real joy to all lovers of English literature to possess and read.

Illustrated

15s. *net*

RIDER AND COMPANY
Dept. 30
68 Fleet Street, E.C.4

Phoenix

Reginald Moore's

MODERN READING 16

Reginald Moore continues his linking of new writing and the ordinary reader in story, essay and poem. 6s. *net*

Marquis James's

THE CHEROKEE STRIP

More dramatic and colourful than any 'Western'; a real-life account by a Pulitzer Prizewinner of a boyhood spent in old Oklahoma. 12s. 6d. *net*

Trenchard Cox's

DAVID COX

The first volume in the Phoenix *British Painters* Series and the first moderately priced biography of Cox for more than twenty years. The author is Director of the Art Gallery at Birmingham—Cox's own city—and has had unusual access to material. Profusely illustrated in colour and monochrome. 15s. *net*

Of all Bookshops

PHOENIX HOUSE LTD. 38 WILLIAM IV ST. W.C.2

his brain and wasn't using it. It was all very puzzling.' It is these boyish and buoyant qualities, his irrepressible enthusiasm and a faith founded on nothing that can be defined or contradicted, that are described as typically American and account for much of Wolfe's success in America and Nazi Germany. Unlike Henry Miller, another American rhapsodist who abandoned himself to joyous nihilism and Montparnasse, Wolfe remained fundamentally 'sound', that is to say, unaltered by experience. This desire to remain 'American', youthful and unspoiled, caused Wolfe to distrust the French and English and to fear the contamination of decadent European culture. In the letter to Foxhill Edwards which concludes his last novel, he contrasts his own attitude with that of Edwards, a man older and wiser than himself whom he likens to Ecclesiastes: ' . . . For there is no greater wisdom than the wisdom of Ecclesiastes, no acceptance finally so true as the stern fatalism of the rock. Man was born to live, to suffer and to die, and what befalls him is a tragic lot. There is no denying this in the final end. *But we must, dear Fox, deny it all along the way.*'

The book ends with Webber's presentiment of his own early death, followed by a passage of meaningless grandiloquence.

The strange thing about Thomas Wolfe is that, in spite of his limitations, his platitudes and his absurdities, his novels are not only readable, but fascinating. Here we must face a paradox: the more subjective a novelist's approach, the easier it is for others to seize whatever objective reality his work may contain. We know George Webber, and we know something about Thomas Wolfe; we can make allowances for their idiosyncrasies and thus arrive at the truth not only about them—they are not as important as they think they are—but about all the people and the events described. In this novel we meet 'Judge' Randford Bland, who made a fortune by lending money to afflicted negroes and exacting usurious interest; Mrs. Flood, who discusses her investments during a funeral; Tim Wagner, the drunken oracle of a whole town; and many more characters who cannot fail to enrich our knowledge of America and of humanity in general. We are introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Jack at a time of day when visitors are not usually received (here Wolfe has borrowed generously from Joyce's portraits of Molly and Leopold Bloom). There is Mrs. Purvis, the English 'char' and defender of the aristocracy; McHarg, the American author; and innumerable minor personages, English, German and American. Finally, there is George himself, who, admirable or ridiculous, lovable or revolting, genius or fool, is certainly worth knowing.

The title of Miss Hansford Johnson's book, *Thomas Wolfe: A Critical Study*, is misleading. It is an excellent introduction to his work, and full of infectious enjoyment of their distinctive flavour; but the main tasks that a critic of Wolfe must inevitably face—the careful separation of Wolfe the novelist from his heroes, Eugene Gant and George Webber, the analysis of his technique (such as it was), and the impartial judgment of each novel considered as a whole—have received only scant attention: 'With all his gigantic faults, his prolixity, his ranting, his stupefying absurdities, Wolfe is incomparably the most significant figure in three decades of American literature.'

This, to anyone but Wolfe's most fervent admirers, will seem anything but a critical assessment.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

IRREGULAR ADVENTURE

By Christie Lawrence. *Faber & Faber*. 10s. 6d.

Escape tales in fiction have long been popular. More enthralling than most is Mr. Lawrence's story of his escape from the Germans after the fall of Crete, and his subsequent adventures as a guerrilla fighter in Yugoslavia and Serbia.

Though he says little about himself, one gleans that the author was a twenty-four-year-old Commando officer who wore glasses. Despite his modesty, a sharp picture emerges from his excellent narrative of a daring and resourceful fellow with a taste for adventure equalled only by one of his guerrilla friends, Milenkovitch, who deliberately stayed three days in a town swarming with German troops just for a thrill.

If the book does not succeed in making clear the confusing intrigue and counter-intrigue which permeated the Yugoslavian resistance movement, it illustrates vividly the difficulties of a foreigner trying to steer a safe course among this nightmare tangle of differing political creeds and loyalties, including Communists and Chetniks.

Towards Lawrence the peasants were loyal and most helpful, but the same could not be said of all the guerrilla leaders, many of whom played solely for their own gain. Finally, one of them betrayed Lawrence, who at the end of a year again found himself a captive, this time in a Gestapo cell. His further adventures will be given in a sequel.

JOHN NIVEN

Winston Churchill's
MARLBOROUGH

The four volumes of *Marlborough* which have been unobtainable for some time, are here completely reset in two books with no deletions from the original text and with all maps and plans retained. There are two portraits in photogravure, and documents in facsimile. This famous biography has now been published in Denmark, Holland, France, Norway and Spain.

Ordinary edition, *50s. net the set.* Leather-bound edition, *four and a half guineas net the set.*

HARRAP

Comprehensive Guide to the Pick of the Season's Books

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB'S
CHRISTMAS LIST

Early Application Advisable

The demand for The Times Book Club's well known Christmas List is likely to be greater than ever this year. Send for your copy now and make your choice of Christmas Books before the cry goes up—'Sorry, out of print!'

THE TIMES
BOOK CLUB
BOOK SHOP

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
42 Wigmore St., London, W.1

TBW

Where are our New Writers?

Panel of Authors & Editors Seek New Talent

APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women of all ages to enter the profession of authorship, under the guidance of a panel of modern successful authors and editors formed to encourage and to direct new writers. All applicants must possess the urge to write and be prepared to devote at least a few hours of spare time a week to the successful new methods laid down by the panel of authors and editors.

The Panel of Authors

1. The Author of 1,000 short stories. 2. The Editor of a woman's magazine. 3. A Star Serial Writer. 4. The Author of Bessie Bunter. 5. A regular Contributor to all the best-selling Juvenile periodicals. 6. A Sunday Newspaper Feature Editor. 7. A National Daily Sub-Editor.

The creative instinct is of all things in life the most worthy of development and expression. There are many folk with the gift to see and record life in the routine around them, with natures sensitive to the humour, pathos, and excitement of their experience, who with correct guidance quickly could be expressing themselves in well-paid articles and stories and, perhaps, making for themselves a lasting name in the world of letters.

The Need for Direction

The shortage of English fiction is so great that American stories are invading the English markets. Now is the opportunity for the new writer. New publications are springing up. Any one with a gift for expression may learn to use that gift and be paid for doing so. The Fleet Street School of Authorship Ltd., has been formed by authors who learned their lesson from experience. They know that a writer must earn while he is learning, as they did themselves.

A Source of Income

The new Course is a "Course of Income". From the early lessons it aims to produce saleable work and introduce the writer to his market.

How to Apply

All who feel their talent justifies the effort should apply for "The Prospects for Authorship", sent under plain sealed cover, without obligation [stamp for reply postage appreciated]. Write to:

THE FLEET STREET SCHOOL
(Desk G75), 45 Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2

The Fleet Street School of Authorship Ltd.

LORD, I WAS AFRAID

By Nigel Balchin. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

In this book Mr. Balchin emerges as a social satirist of fluent exuberance. His fire is directed unremittingly upon hypocrisy, upon the real motive which is concealed within the one professed; and never did a society provide so many glaringly obtrusive targets as the one which he has chosen—our own from 1926. The uncertain twenties, the waste land, the rise of totalitarianism, the war, planning, the Peace Conference—for each of these he devises some allegorical portrayal, making comprehensively reckless use of biblical, classical and medieval mythology, indoor games and popular science. He is at his most devastating when he keeps to pure exaggerated realism. The radio announcer during the war, for instance: 'It is our business to take the unsung heroes—the forgotten names—the workers behind the scenes—and to plug them as though they were one of the dearer and more dangerous patent medicines—to bleat and bleat that you are forgetting them until you wish to God you could.' However, by no means only the public lives of his seven character-types come under this searching scrutiny. One of the most amusing scenes is where a middle-aged couple consult a fashionable specialist with the view to his performing the operation of murder upon their darling boy. This kind of bitter foolery goes on for over three hundred pages of unbroken dramatic dialogue. The appetite begins in the end to sicken, though not without first having been satiated by an entertaining feast.

ANTHONY CURTIS

THE DEVIL AMONG THE TAILORS

By Rearden Conner. *Macdonald.* 9s. 6d.

Mr. Carracombe is luckier than most; from the war he comes back to a well-managed business in the City, his wife (hive of all the conventions), and a home in suburbia. Mr. Conner succeeds well enough with his satirical portrayal of the pettiness and smugness of suburban life, but when he introduces a disruptive agent in the shape of Henry, a bald, talkative little man browned by Eastern suns, the book races into impossible extravagances of plot and character.

Henry, who among other things believes in reincarnation (like the Wandering Jew he has been around since Time began), soon manages to smash his brother-in-law's suburban monotony. He influences him to take a mistress; later, when the girl wishes to end the affair, her middle-aged lover murders her. Henry, in his rôle of the Devil had planned all this, and finishes off his experiment by slowly killing Carracombe by poison in an East-End hideout reminiscent of the most puerile thriller.

If all Mr. Conner can offer in place of suburbia's failings is Henry, who is the incarnation of absurdity rather than of evil, then the rolled umbrella, 'Rose Cottage', and the 8.30 are to be preferred every time.

JOHN NIVEN

LIKE AN ABOMINABLE BRANCH

By Patrick Turnbull. *Hurst & Blackett.* 9s. 6d.

'The Green Hell of Arakan' it was called—that particular part of the Burmese theatre of war which forms the background of this novel—and the men who fought there considered that title an understatement. Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Littleton, D.S.O., commanded a 'green' battalion, in active service for the first time against the most terrible odds; the gangrenous, damp depths of the jungle and the treachery and cruelty of the Japs. More than facing death each inch of the way, the men battled with the jungle of their own minds. Gradually we come to know the men, their past lives, their frustrations, ambitions, hopes and fears. They all come vividly to life—Barlow, the large, bluff, genial Cockney; Williamson, the actor, who had to play to the gallery even when it meant handling a situation far beyond his courage; Blackthorne, the Regimental Sergeant-Major, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, who had volunteered to get away from his impossible wife; Arthur Gaunt who seldom slept because of his intense desire to live; young Peter Hammond, who had come to serve under the very man he would have done anything to avoid meeting; the second-in-command, a genuine snob, sorry for anyone not born British, who had made up his mind to die—a fact he had accepted as an obligation to his own peculiar code. Finally, the C.O. himself who knew by heart every contour line, every bend of the chaung on his map, whose thoughts kept returning to the letter which had made his future a blank.

This is good. The jungle fighting is described vividly and with authenticity, for the author was there himself. The characters we all know: they are human, warm, vital. To those who would complain that, by now, we have forgotten war, I would give this reminder: war should not be forgotten and the exigencies of publishing these days delays [illegible]cation to a considerable degree. Topical or otherwise, this novel is well worth reading.

LESLEY SAXBY

"You can't please everybody"

"That's impossible, we all know. But Wills's Cut Golden Bar comes pretty near to doing the impossible. Very few men switch to any other brand once they've tried this. Here, you try some."

WILLS'S

CUT GOLDEN BAR

CB129 EE

A Christmas Gift Subscription to *World Review*

FOR ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND READING ON CURRENT AFFAIRS

Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months, 20s. 6d.; 6 months, 10s. 3d.
Abroad, 12 months, 20s. 0d.; 6 months, 10s. 0d.

Fill in the form below and send it with your remittance to:

CIRCULATION MANAGER, WORLD REVIEW, 43/44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

Please send WORLD REVIEW for ..... months to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS .....

.....

A Christmas card bearing your name will be sent with the first copy

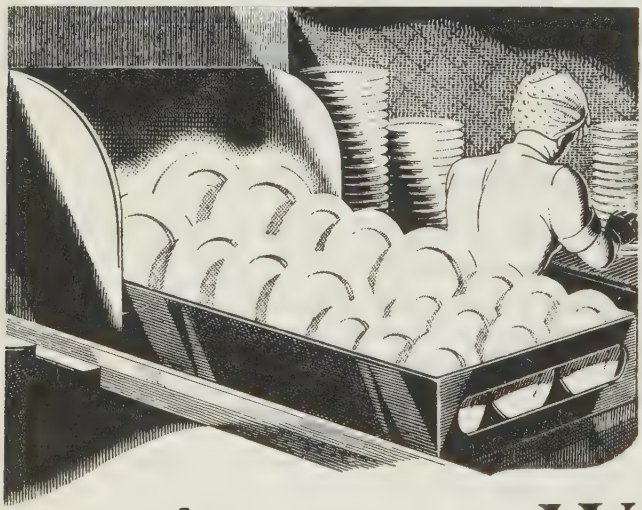
He travelled to Ireland the *Easy Way!*

No fuss, no queues for him. You, too, will prefer the easy way to travel to Ireland — by air. Safe, comfortable Aer Lingus airliners speed you from London to Dublin in just 90 minutes. Flying on Ireland's national airline is economical too. Only £6. 10. 0 single, £11. 15. 0 return from London, with no extras. There are 6 flights daily from London Airport (Heathrow) direct to Dublin. Fast frequent service is also available from Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow to Dublin. See any travel agent today for information and bookings.

IRISH AIR LINES

AER LINGUS

DUBLIN · GLASGOW
SHANNON · LONDON
LIVERPOOL · BELFAST
MANCHESTER · PARIS
BRUSSELS · AMSTERDAM



KITCHEN HELP

Hotels and canteens supplied with Calgonite for their dishwashing machines are assured of reliable help in the kitchen. Calgonite contains Calgon which dissolves lime scum and makes a clean and simple job of washing up, especially when the water is hard.

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

CHEMICALS

CALGON (Sodium Metaphosphate). CALGONITE

TBW11

78

Books Received

ANDRADE, Professor E. N. daC., D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S. THE ATOM AND ITS ENERGY.
G. Bell & Sons. 10s.

ATOMIC CHALLENGE. A Symposium.
Winchester Publications. 8s. 6d.
The challenging talks given in the B.B.C.'s 'Atomic Week' are gathered together in this book as a lasting record of the birth of a new age of science.

BHAGAVAD-GITA. *Phœnix House Ltd.* 6s.
Translated by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood with an introduction by Aldous Huxley.
The Bhagavad-Gita is the Gospel of Hinduism and one of the half-dozen greatest religious classics of the world.

BROWN, Wilfred Gavin. MY RIVER.
Frederick Muller. 10s. 6d.
With illustrations by Reginald Lionel Knowles.
A restful book which takes the reader to some of the secret places of the countryside, through the quiet meadows, beside the green pools and sandy shallows of what the author calls 'My River'.

CERF, Bennett. TRY AND STOP ME.
Dennis Dobson Ltd. 9s. 6d.
A treasure trove of anecdotes and stories about the theatre, the book world, films and sports, even including the best of the shaggy dog variety. This book has become famous in America during the last year, having headed the best-seller lists for seven months and sold about a million copies.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR.
Royal Institute of International Affairs. 15s.

DE CHAIR, Somerset. THE TEETOTALITARIAN STATE. *Falcon Press.* 8s. 6d.
A satire on the world of politics and country houses by the author of The Golden Carpet, Red Tie in the Morning.

FREEMAN, Gwendolen. THE HOUSES BEHIND. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.
Sketches of life in the back streets of an industrial town, written by a voluntary worker who, week by week, for about fifteen years, visited one limited area to collect small savings.

GARDINER, Wrey. LAMENT FOR STRINGS.
Grey Walls Press. 6s.
As the editor of Poetry Quarterly, *Mr. Gardiner is well known to poets and readers of poetry.* Lament for Strings *is a collection of poems written since* 1944.

GAZDAR, John. NATIONAL INSURANCE.
Stevens & Sons. 3s.
This book explains to the man-in-the-street what his position will be when the Act comes into operation in July, 1948—and also what benefits he may expect to obtain therefrom.

GOWER, Sir George Leveson. MIXED GRILL.
Frederick Muller. 12s. 6d.
Sir George Leveson Gower, who was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone and has held many high Government and private positions since then, has always been in the centre of social and political life in this country. Here he recalls, in anecdote form, some of the events and conversation pieces which have impressed or amused him.

HAWGOOD, John A. THE CITIZEN AND GOVERNMENT. *Nicholson & Watson.* 6s.
From 'The New Democracy' Series.
Are you personally a leader in Parliament, in your local council, office or factory, in your Trade Union, community or Women's Institute? Do you know what your M.P. does at Westminster? Does your local council do a good job? Do you know how to bring pressure on the Government? Is it possible to teach people to be good citizens? These are some of the important questions discussed by Professor John Hawgood. He has studied public administration in Great Britain, the United States and Europe. He is now Professor of Modern History and Government at the University of Birmingham.

HEMINGFORD, The Rt. Hon. Lord. WHAT PARLIAMENT IS AND DOES.
Cambridge University Press. 6s.
This book is intended to afford such elementary knowledge of the British Parliamentary System as may help young students, after reading it, to tackle longer and more learned books on the subject. Lord Hemingford has himself participated—as Chairman of Committees and as Deputy Speaker—in the working of Parliament.

HIMES, Chester. IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO.
Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.
In this, his first novel, Chester Himes writes of his own people—the American negroes. He tells of the racial tension in an American West Coast shipyard and the effect of it upon young Bob Jones, a negro from the Middle West, who works there during the war.

HORSLEY, Terence. SPORTING PAGEANT: A GUN, A RIFLE AND AN AEROPLANE.
H. F. & G. Witherby. 12s. 6d.
Illustrated with 29 photographs, this book covers a wide range of observations and experiences for the shooting sportsman.

INGLIS, Ruth A. FREEDOM OF THE MOVIES.
Cambridge University Press. 15s.
This examines the provisions of the Motion Picture Production Code in the light of the artistic and social responsibilities of the screen and makes concrete recommendations through which motion pictures may play a more important and useful rôle in national and international life.

KHAING, Mi Mi. BURMESE FAMILY.
Longmans, Green & Co. 8s. 6d.
Illustrated by E. G. N. Kinch.

'To Asswage Raging Pains'

¶ "*Take Aloes, Hermodactils and Scammony, of each half a dram; reduce them to subtil powder and make Pills thereof with Juice of Roses*" runs an old seventeenth-century prescription "to asswage the raging pains of gout and sciatica".

¶ Nowadays 'the raging pains of gout and sciatica' and all other rheumatic or nerve pains can be 'asswaged' safely and effectively in a few minutes — with 'Cogene'.

¶ 'Cogene' is not a single drug; it is a scientific combination in tablet form of four separate drugs, three of them pain relievers and the fourth a stimulant. It is one of the recent discoveries of medical science that a small quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed by the right combination of other drugs in the right proportions. In 'Cogene' only a minute amount of each drug is present — thus avoiding any possibility of harmful after-effects— yet the scientific combination of all four is so effective that 'Cogene' will 'reach' even the most harassing nerve pain in a surprisingly short time.

¶ *But* — one word of warning — always remember that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the *cause* of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

COGENE

Regd. Trade Mark — Brand Tablets

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

I'm sure of a fair deal from *my own* shop!

She's a co-operator, of course! By shopping at a British Co-operative Store she shares the benefits with the 9,000,000 men and women who are equal owners.

Last year co-operators received £35,000,000 in dividend from *their own* shops.

These 9,000,000 members have a vote and a voice in local co-operative affairs. They elect co-operative management committees from their own number. That's democracy in business! It makes for fair shares all round!

Issued by the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

LLOYD, Roger. PETER ABELARD: THE ORTHODOX REBEL. *Latimer House.* 10s. 6d.
Of all the great men who lived in the Middle Ages none had a more exciting, and few a more tragic, life than the twelfth-century Peter Abelard.

MARSHALL, Katherine Tupper. TOGETHER: ANNALS OF AN ARMY WIFE. *Blandford Press.* 10s. 6d.
Eight pages of photographic plates.
The story of George C. Marshall, the American Secretary of State, originator of the Marshall Plan, and probably the most outstanding present day world figure.

MERCER, F. A. THE INDUSTRIAL DESIGN CONSULTANT: WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE DOES. *The Studio Ltd.* 10s. 6d.
A paper read by F. A. Mercer before the Royal Society of Arts, for which the Society's Silver Medal was awarded. The author is editor of Art and Industry, *the monthly journal devoted to a survey of new trends in industrial design. Includes nearly 200 illustrations.*

MORRISON, Ian. GRANDFATHER LONG-LEGS. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.
The Life and Gallant Death of Major H. P. Seagrim, G.C., D.S.O., M.B.E.
The first authentic biography of Seagrim who was called 'Grandfather Longlegs' by the Karen people, the subject race in Burma amongst whom his great deeds were done. With 24 pages of illustrations.

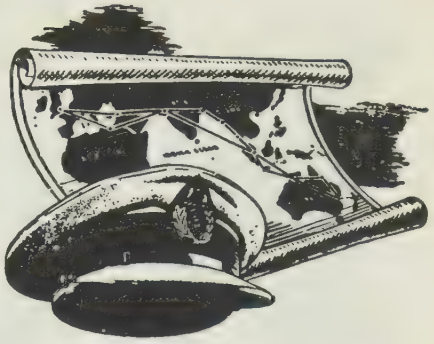
PORTUGUESE VOYAGES 1498–1663. Edited by C. D. LEY. *Everyman's Library. Dent.* 4s.

A BOOK OF VOYAGES. Edited by PATRICK O'BRIAN. *Home and Van Thal.* 15s.
This is not a book for scholars, but for the intelligent reader who is interested in pioneer travellers in the past.

SAGITTARIUS. LET COWARDS FLINCH. *Turnstile Press.* 6s.
A new full-length satire on the English Revolution. Sagittarius, unique in wit and penetration, unfolds the pageant of Britain's first experiment in government of, by, and for the common people. Vicky (by kind permission of the News Chronicle*) illustrates the argument.*

SELINCOURT, Aubrey de. DORSET. *Paul Elek.* 9s. 6d.
From the Vision of England *series. Illustrations by Barbara Jones, 60 photographs, reproduction of a seventeenth-century map and a four miles-to-the-inch modern map.*

WHITE, Llewellyn. THE AMERICAN RADIO. *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.
Report from the Commission on Freedom of the Press.
The air belongs to the people, but the American radio industry has sold it to the ad. men. Until broadcasters unite to divorce themselves from advertising agencies, they do not deserve 'Freedom of the Press'. So speaks Llewellyn White, assistant director of the Commission on Freedom of the Press, in this special Report on the status of the newest medium of mass communication at the end of its first quarter-century.



Empire Builder

THROUGH twenty-five years of achievement as Australia's *INTERNATIONAL* Airline, Qantas has played a major rôle in British Air supremacy. Partner with B.O.A.C. of the 'Kangaroo' Service to Australia, Qantas helps strengthen the bonds of Empire.

Q·E·A and B·O·A·C

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

"...for us and our friends"

To choose La Tropical de Luxe for your Christmas smoking is to promise yourself a great pleasure; to make them your choice for Christmas giving is to delight your cigar-loving friends. For here is a gift with a name to inspire more than ordinary appreciation. La Tropical de Luxe Cigars, excelling in mildness and delicate flavour, are in greater demand to-day than ever before in their 70 years history.

LA TROPICAL

DE LUXE

Finest Jamaican Cigars

Manufactured by B. & J. B. Machado Tobacco Co. Ltd., Kingston, Jamaica, and guaranteed by the Government of Jamaica.

Sole importers in the United Kingdom : **LAMBERT & BUTLER OF DRURY LANE, LONDON**

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

LT4G

IN YOUR CHRISTMAS GIVING, PLEASE REMEMBER THE SAILOR

KING GEORGE'S FUND FOR SAILORS

At this time of the year, when thoughts turn to the warmth and comfort of the Christmas fireside, do you remember the men who help to make the good things of Christmas possible? The sailor who brings our food across the sea—the sailor who carries the exports by which we live. The horrors of war have gone, but the men of the sea still do battle with a stern task-master.

You help the sailors best through the K.G.F.S. King George's Fund for Sailors is the officially recognised National Fund which distributes grants to the various Marine Benevolent Societies; the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy and the Fishing Fleets all benefit.

To help sailors who no longer can help themselves, to aid a sailor's family in distress, please send a Christmas Gift now to:

KING GEORGE'S FUND FOR SAILORS, TRINITY HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.3

K.G.F.S

Cross-Section
OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Britain and the Modern World

WE occasionally read of a concern whether the British people can continue to play their part in the development of the modern world. Grave as any thoughtful person must admit the situation to be, we in Britain do not share these doubts. We feel that we have heard them before. We heard them when Philip of Spain's Armada was threatening our southern coast, when Napoleon was massing his forces at Boulogne, and when Hitler carried almost all before him in 1940. We are therefore by nature and training sceptical of these forebodings. This, however, does not mean that we are complacent, or that we ignore the dangerous instability of present international relations and the stern reality of our domestic problems.

If we are to understand the contribution that the British Isles can make to contemporary political thought, we must first analyse the sources of its authority. Britain is at one and the same time a part of the European Continent and severed from it. The Channel has in the past saved Britain physically and detached her emotionally from the Continent. There is here a certain parallel with Russia which should not be overlooked. The Soviet Union is at once an Asiatic and a European Power. Although a great land mass, her home country lies on the flank of Europe, as Britain does, and so it has hitherto been to the interest of both of us to see that no one Power should dominate Europe. This motive has brought us together in three major conflicts, in the Napoleonic struggle, in the First World War and in the Second World War. If both countries were still actuated by that motive, then our policies could continue to have a common thread. Today, however, conflicting ideologies, and more especially the ruthless menace of international Communism, perplex and poison even the most sincere purposes. The Soviet Government seems determined to withhold co-operation on any terms or in any spirit that could contribute to international confidence and goodwill.

ANTHONY EDEN
in *Foreign Affairs*

35

New Deal for New Guinea

A BATTLE royal has been raging in Australia in recent months over the new official policy in relation to New Guinea. Broadly speaking, it was a struggle between two groups—the settlers and the anthropologists, or the commercial interests and the officials.

In pre-war days the settlers pursued their objectives with little or no interference or restriction on the part of the Government while the Administration confined itself mainly to the maintenance of peace and order. This arrangement was not seriously called in question until a new sensitiveness to Colonial responsibility began to appear in Australia, as in other parts of the world—a sensitiveness that has now found authoritative expression in the Charter of the United Nations. It would seem, therefore, that the Australians' determination to make the advancement of the indigenous people their primary purpose is in line with the best contemporary thinking.

During the war the Government instructed a number of officials and specially qualified anthropologists to make surveys and submit memoranda as a first step towards the formulation of policy. Part of the objection of the settlers is that no planter or prospector was called in to assist, and that the new policy is the impossible dream of a bunch of 'ologists'. However that may be, the Government were faced with the necessity of deciding whether the interests of the native people should take precedence. They then initiated what is described as a 'black policy', or 'New Guinea for the Natives', with a system of education which aims at making them self-reliant and increasingly able to develop the resources of the country.

The education proposed is something more than the three Rs. It will include an attempt to improve the health of the people by teaching hygiene, to increase their wealth by improving the methods of agriculture, and to enlarge their minds by removing the barrier of illiteracy.

Crown Colonist

"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

"The important thing is that it *does* work, though we may not know exactly *why*." Often you will hear the wise and candid doctor of today make a remark like this about Penicillin, or the Sulphonamides, those great new discoveries of medical science. And about an old discovery as well—'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Opinions differ as to exactly *why* the special combination which is only found in 'Sanatogen' works wonders with exhausted nerves: but there is no difference of opinion about the fact that it does.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
7/5d. (including Purchase Tax)

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

'I'm glad I sent that gift to the Church Army. It means someone is having a happier Christmas.'

Will you remember someone in need this Christmas? Please share your happiness by sending a gift to the Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head, The Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1

STUDY
in spare time for a Career

FOR those who wish to use their spare time to advantage, in order to qualify for a well-paid post, U.C.C., founded in 1887, provides courses of study by post for Matriculation and higher exams. leading to a Degree at London University (open to all without residence), various Professional and Preliminary Certificates, Law, Teachers' Diplomas, Engineering, etc. The College, which is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern, has a staff of highly qualified resident Tutors. Low fees; instalments if desired.

SELF-EDUCATION COURSES are available in interesting subjects, e.g., Foreign Languages including Russian, Spanish, German, and Italian, Economics, Bookkeeping, and many others.

★ **PROSPECTUS** (mention exam. or subject) post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

64 Burlington House, Cambridge

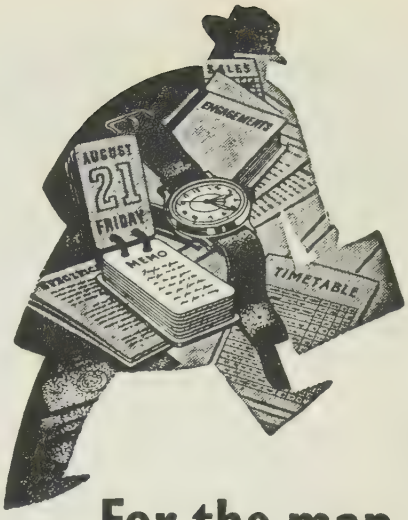
The Soviets and the Marshall Plan

THE Franco-British proposals are based on the idea that United States assistance must be the 'decisive factor' in the rehabilitation of the economic life of European countries. And what they are planning on this basis is American tutelage of Europe, with Britain and France in the rôle of American business managers in Europe, in the rôle of European bailiffs of the new transatlantic master. But this is a wrong idea and unacceptable to European countries. As Molotov pointed out, the European countries must attach 'decisive importance to internal measures and to the national efforts of each country, rather than to hopes for foreign assistance, which must be of a subordinate nature.' An example is provided by the Soviet Union, which, relying on its own resources, restored and insured the rapid progress of its economy after the severe destruction and losses caused by the First World War and foreign intervention, and which today, too, after the enormous devastation caused by the Nazi invasion, is successfully restoring its national economy by its own efforts.

It stands to reason that the United States, whose productive capacity and national wealth greatly increased during the war, might (and it is its moral duty to) help the efforts of the European countries which Hitler devastated, and thereby speed up their economic rehabilitation. Sensible people in America believe, and quite rightly, that such assistance would be entirely in the interests of the United States as a nation, inasmuch as the outlines of the looming crisis are becoming more and more clearly discernible in the transatlantic republic. But such assistance is only acceptable on a basis of democratic international co-operation. In the plans proposed by Bevin and Bidault, however, the relations between the United States and its British and French intermediaries on the one hand, and the European countries on the other, are definitely in the nature of the 'co-operation' between horseman and horse.

Naturally, no country possessing national pride, and respecting and valuing its sovereignty, can agree to this sort of 'co-operation'. That is why the Soviet Union, which is consistently pursuing a policy of developing international co-operation on a basis of equality of all democratic countries and mutual respect for their interests, rejected the Franco-British plan as leading to interference in the internal affairs of the European countries, as bringing them under the sway of United States finance capital.

Moscow *New Times*



For the man of to-day . . .

Little time to think about correct posture, even when you do get a chance to sit down! Result—stomach muscles soft, slack and no longer a protection. A Linia Belt gives just the support you need. It tones up the muscles and helps a lot in keeping you fit and energetic.

LINIA BELT

Price including the Linia Jock Strap from £4 . 13 . 4 and 3 coupons

Linia Method Booklet free on application

SOLD ONLY BY

J. ROUSSEL LTD

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGent 7570, and at Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.

BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

THIS ENGLAND... No. 10

IN his own garden the Englishman savours freedom; breathing in liberty in the scents of home-grown flowers, enjoying his little England as he lights up his *Balkan Sobranie*, content with a world that is big enough within the limits of his own fences and a heaven that is near enough in smoke clouds of his own creation.

SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON. E.C.1.

YOU can Qualify for one of these

WELL-PAID CAREERS

by interesting spare-time home study. The College conducts examination or diploma courses in the following subjects. Send the coupon to-day for full details.

Accountancy	Works Mgmt.
Secretaryship	Time Study
Costing	Jig & Tool Des.
Civil Service	Eng. Science
Matriculation	M/C Shop Super.
Salesmanship	Foundry Work
Sales Mgmt.	Welding
Met. Police	Pattern making
Eng. Drawing	Metallurgy
Personnel Mgmt.	Press Tool Des.
Foremanship	Moulding
Export	Fuels

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Please post free details of training in:—

Name .....

Address .....

255 B

WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE Ltd.

Dept. 255B, Attwood House, Finchley Rd., London, N.W.3

or call: 8 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

Civilisation's Future

IF I were a bookmaker, simply calculating the probabilities and leaving my own wishes out of account, I would give odds against the survival of civilisation within the next few hundred years. As far as I can see, there are three possibilities ahead of us:

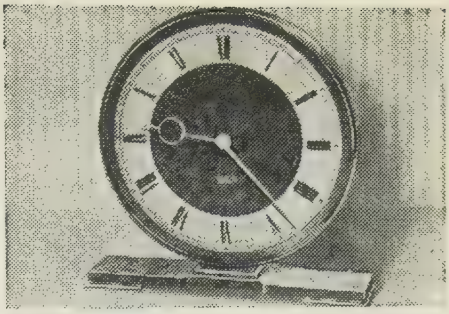
1. That the Americans will decide to use the atomic bomb while they have it and the Russians haven't. This would solve nothing. It would do away with the particular danger that is now presented by the U.S.S.R., but would lead to the rise of new empires, fresh rivalries, more wars, more atomic bombs, etc. In any case this is, I think, the least likely outcome of the three, because a preventive war is a crime not easily committed by a country that retains any traces of democracy.

2. That the present 'cold war' will continue until the U.S.S.R., and several other countries, have atomic bombs as well. Then there will only be a short breathing-space before whizz! go the rockets, whallop! go the bombs, and the industrial centres of the world are wiped out, probably beyond repair. Even if one state, or group of states, emerges from such a war as technical victor, it will probably be unable to build up the machine civilisation anew. The world, therefore, will once again be inhabited by a few million, or a few hundred million, human beings living by subsistence agriculture, and probably, after a couple of generations, retaining no more of the culture of the past than a knowledge of how to smelt metals. Conceivably this is a desirable outcome, but obviously it has nothing to do with Socialism.

3. That the fear inspired by the atomic bomb and other weapons yet to come will be so great that everyone will refrain from using them. This seems to me the worst possibility of all. It would mean the division of the world among two or three super-states, unable to conquer one another and unable to be overthrown by any internal rebellion. In all probability their structure would be hierarchic, with a semi-divine caste at the top and outright slavery at the bottom, and the crushing out of liberty would exceed anything that the world has yet seen. Within each state the necessary psychological atmosphere would be kept up by complete severance from the outer world, and by a continuous phony war against rival states. Civilisation of this type might remain static for thousands of years.

GEORGE ORWELL
in *Partisan Review*

GRANT'S
MORELLA
Cherry
Brandy
A limited supply available
Over 100 years reputation for quality



EXMOOR

A Beautiful & Appropriate Gift

BUT IT'S THE MOVEMENT THAT COUNTS

No gift could be better chosen to make the new home complete than a Smiths "Sectric" Clock. Look for the name SMITHS before you buy.

THE CLOCKS THAT NEED NO WINDING

SMITHS SECTRIC CLOCKS

Obtainable from Jewellers, Stores, Electricians and Supply Authorities

Scien.SCM 1T2H

The sick children need your help—

Please don't fail them!

Special Appeal for Sick Children

This little fellow is one of the many who will spend Christmas in their cots—perhaps in pain. You can help to nurse them back to health—to bring a sparkle of happiness into their poor little lives. The best Christmas present you can give them is to associate yourself with the sacred cause of sick children.

The Hospital for Sick Children is called upon to treat 7,000 in-patients and over 100,000 out-patients—all of them under 12 years of age—each year. By responding to this appeal, you can help to carry on this noble work. There are two ways in which you can do this:—

Either by completing the form below, and posting it with your donation, and/or by making a bequest to the hospital in the form of a legacy added to your will.

Sick children from all over the world come to this famous voluntary hospital.

DONATION FORM

The Hospital for Sick Children (W.R.), Great Ormond St., London, W.C.1, England

I enclose the sum of £ : s.: d. as a donation to the Hospital.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

Donations whether by means of Cheque, Bank Transfer, Postal Order or Money Order should be crossed /& Co./ and be made payable to:
THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

SIGNATURE .....

Give him a Gillette razor set this Xmas!

Gillette

Gillette Razor Blades
also make an acceptable gift

Help him to build this New World!

10/- provides Christmas fare for one child. There are thousands in our family!

Christmas gifts gratefully received by the Secretary

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
CHILDREN'S SOCIETY
formerly WAIFS & STRAYS
Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11

ASHRIDGE, BERKHAMSTED, HERTS.
(Principal: General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.)

Ashridge is a residential College for education in Citizenship and provides an open forum for discussion.

Lectures are given by distinguished men and women. Each lecture is followed by discussion and questions.

The great house, adapted to the needs of a modern residential college and providing every comfort, is set in beautiful gardens in one of the most famous parks in England.

For full particulars of week-end and holiday courses, apply to the BURSAR, ASHRIDGE, BERKHAMSTED, HERTS.
Telephone: Little Gaddesden 3191

Putting it into Practice

In Manhattan, Justice Jacob Panken gave Psychiatrist Johann G. Auerbach a savage lecture on something every psychiatrist should know—that crowds and automobile noises 'have a disastrous effect on the emotions of children.' The psychiatrist and his wife had left their eight-month-old baby daughter in a parked car on noisy 48th Street while they went to a lecture on 'The Cultural Importance of the Theater to Our Present Civilisation'. *Time*

Export News

Two items of Sarawak trade have gained sudden importance of late. The guano deposited by the millions of bats and edible swifts in the great limestone caves at Niah and elsewhere was extracted on a small scale pre-war, but now, with awakened interest in better agricultural methods, is in very heavy local demand. Export has been prohibited. And the long-despised watersnake has suddenly become the most hunted beast in Borneo—over 40,000 skins were exported to Singapore in the past six months.

British Malaya

Local Colour

English literature is distinguished by its attachment to places. This is not only true of the work of the many parish clergymen and squires with a literary turn who celebrated their surroundings in limpid blank verse or tortuous antiquarian prose throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is also true of most of the major English writers. Mr. Harold Nicolson, in his Leslie Stephen Lecture (1947) on Tennyson's brothers, rightly draws attention to 'the authentic note of Somersby' and to the brook, 'that simple little stream . . .' by which all three of the Tennysons were so lastingly impressed! What Lincolnshire was to the Tennysons, so were the Lakes to Wordsworth. Scott is never better than when in Edinburgh, Glasgow and his border country, Dickens never better than when in London and Kent. Cowper, Lamb, Barnes, Hardy come to mind at once as local writers whose parochialism is an essential part of their fame. One can even argue that an author so different as Wells, whose later thought was of internationalism and eventually of planets, was at his best in the draper's establishment on the suburban high road or among the new art of the Garden City.

Times Literary Supplement

The Future is YOURS Prepare for it NOW

What about your future? What of the new great world of today? There are marvellous opportunities, but only for those who have had specialized training. One thing is certain—there is not, and never will be, a worth-while place for the untrained.

Ambitious men everywhere have succeeded through I.C.S. Home-Study Courses. So also can you. We offer you the benefit of our 56 years' matchless experience as creative pioneers of technical instruction by post.

Here are some of the subjects in which we offer thoroughly sound instruction:

ACCOUNTANCY
ADVERTISING
AERONAUTICAL ENG.
ARCHITECTURE
BOILERMAKING
BOOK-KEEPING
BUILDING
BUILDING SPECIF.
BUSINESS M'G'MENT
CARPENTRY
CHEMISTRY, I. & O.
CIVIL ENGINEERING
CLERK OF WORKS
COAL MINING
COMMERCIAL ART
COMMERCIAL TR'NG.
CONCRETE ENG.
DIESEL ENGINES
DRAUGHTSMANSHIP (*State which branch*)
DRAWING OFFICE PRAC.
ELECTRICAL ENG.
ELECTRIC POWER, LIGHTING, TRANSMISSION, TRACTION
FIRE ENGINEERING
FREE-LANCE JOURNALISM
FUEL TECHNOLOGY
HEATING & VENT.
HYDRO-ELECTRIC
ILLUMINATION ENG.
INTERNAL COMB. ENG.
MACHINE DESIGNING
MACHINE-TOOL W'K.
MARINE ENG.
MECHANICAL ENG.
MECH. DRAWING
MOTOR ENGINEERING
MOTOR MECHANIC
PLASTICS
PLUMBING
QUANTITY SURVEY'G.
RADIO ENGINEERING
RADIO SERVICE ENG.
REFRIGERATION
SALES M'G'MENT
SANITARY ENG.
SHEET-METAL WORK
SHORT-STORY WR'T'G.
STEAM ENGINEERING
STRUCTURAL STEEL
SURVEYING (*State which branch*)
TELEGRAPH ENG.
WELDING
WOODWORKING
WORKS ENGINEERING
WORKS M'G'MENT

EXAMS: The various Accountants, Inst. of Bookkeepers, Advertising Assoc., Sales Managers' Assoc., London Matric., etc., Oxford and Cambridge Local, Col. of Preceptors, and many others. E.J.B.C. Prelim., I.Mech.E., I.Fire.E., B. Inst. Radio Eng., P.M.G. Wireless Operators, M.O.T. Certificates, I.Elec.E., C. & G. Elec., R.I.B.A., R.I.C.S.

I.C.S. Students preparing for Examinations are coached till successful.

Write to the I.C.S. Advisory Dept., stating your requirements and your hopes. Our advice is free.

———YOU MAY USE THIS COUPON———

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Dept. 3, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Please send me particulars of your Courses in

.....

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

I.C.S

vi

FREE BOOK FOR NEW WRITERS

Would you like to write articles, stories, radio scripts, etc., in your spare time, and sell what you write? You've probably thought about it often, but now you have a chance to get some expert advice—some 'inside' knowledge about writing for pleasure and profit.

BRILLIANTLY "DIFFERENT"

Here's a free handbook that's new and different. It's called 'SALEABLE WRITING', is forthright and honest, tells you what you want to know about *your* chances of success as an author, gives details of the successful B.T.I. home-study courses in all branches of Journalism and Fiction Writing, and contains many valuable hints. If you're interested, write now and we'll send you a copy of 'SALEABLE WRITING'—FREE and without obligation.

DEPT. OF JOURNALISM,
BRITISH TUTORIAL INSTITUTES
598 AVON HOUSE,
356/366 OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.1

'Laughter,' said a celebrated Doctor of the eighteenth century, 'is one of the greatest helps to digestion.' Another renowned physician, Dr. Jenner of Vaccination fame, discovered the corrective for indigestion known as 'Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges.' This time-proved specific quickly relieves Digestive Disturbances by neutralizing the pain-causing gases and excess acid. Prices 1/5 and 3/4½ from Chemists or send a post-card for Free Sample in Pocket Case to—

SAVORY & MOORE LTD. (Dept. S.B.)
143 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Dr. JENNER'S
ABSORBENT LOZENGES

Delegates and their Habits

OUR American contemporary, *United Nations World*, recently published the answers given by delegates to the General Assembly to one or two rather intimate questions. We were intrigued to learn that 80 per cent were monogamous, 13½ per cent polygamous, and 6½ per cent wouldn't say. (The last group would surely repay more detailed investigation.)

United Nations News

Black Market

THE annual report of the Cape branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society records the existence of a black market in bibles in South Africa. An even more moving black-market reference was made lately in a letter received at Oxford from a distinguished German scientist: 'I have to beg your pardon for writing with pencil. But to buy some ink would need connections which I don't happen to have.'

The Periodical

Rival for Nylon?

IT has been suggested that the Colony's Department of Agriculture might investigate the possibility of establishing the ramie plant in Fiji. The fibres of this plant are said to be stronger than hemp or even nylon. In fact, one textile manufacturer is reported to have remarked: 'The trouble with ramie is that it is too good. We shall have to mix it with cotton so that at least every other thread will wear out.' The Department of Agriculture has replied that experiments with ramie were started in Fiji in 1940. They had to be abandoned to make way for food production, but a few plants were retained for use if further trials appeared to be justified.

Fiji Times and Herald

Cat's Nine Lives?

A CAT strolling across the road at Hamilton, Ont., caused the following calamities—a motorist stopped his car to avoid hitting the cat, a truck stopped behind the car, a second automobile drew up behind the truck, than a streetcar stopped. The tram hit the second car, causing it to smash into the truck, which in turn crashed into the first car. A lady passenger in the second car, and her six-months-old baby, were badly shaken up and had to be treated for shock, but the cat, the cause of all the trouble, escaped unconcerned.

Canada's Weekly

This is the Flag—

our seamen look for it in every port as they have done for over 125 years. At Christmastide the Society's great work turns specially to provide a happy Christmas for the sailors who are unable to be in their own homes. Wherever the Society has a Residential Club in ports throughout the world seamen are invited as GUESTS for the whole of Christmas day.

★ **Please send your donation to help this good cause to the Hon. Treasurer, The Rt. Hon. SIR FREDERICK SYKES, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G.**

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: 680 COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.14

General Secretary: STANLEY HEESOM Telephone: East 4191

HOW TO LEARN LANGUAGES

THE problem of learning a Foreign Language in half the usual time has been solved. The Pelman method is enabling thousands of men and women to learn languages without any of the usual drudgery. By the Pelman method you learn French in French, German in German, Spanish in Spanish, and Italian in Italian. English is not used at all.

Specially reduced fees for serving and ex-service members of His Majesty's Forces

Grammatical complexities are eliminated. You pick up the grammar almost unconsciously as you go along. The whole of the instruction is given through the post.

The Pelman method of learning languages is explained in four little books, one for each language:

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN
(Also Courses in Afrikaans and Urdu)

You can have a free copy of any one of these books, together with a specimen lesson, by writing for it today to:—

PELMAN LANGUAGES INSTITUTE
127, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1

Stories Wanted

We revise according to the Scientific System of fiction-writing and submit to Editors on a 15 per cent. of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection

BM/BOOK

Mention this Periodical

The Sign of SCIENCE and SALES

BRITISH INSTITUTE of FICTION-WRITING SCIENCE LTD

REGENT HOUSE · REGENT ST · LONDON · W.1

Thousands of School of Accountancy Students have risen from the ranks to

SUCCESSFUL CAREERS

J. D. C. MACKAY
Founder

as Directors, Managers, Accountants, Company Secretaries, Cost Accountants, Works Managers, Office Managers, Auditors, Company Registrars, Local Government Officers, Stores Controllers, Cashiers, Chief Clerks—and in other executive appointments at

Salaries ranging from £350 to £2,000 a Year

School of Accountancy Postal Tuition brings success and security to average men and women who have the initiative to qualify for responsible positions. There are also Courses in Business Training for youths and young ladies. Eminent University Lecturers testify to the thoroughness and efficiency of The School's Tuition Service.

Send for this 170-page FREE GUIDE to Careers

the most valuable book ever published on Careers in Commerce, Industry and Public Service. Like thousands of others, you can date success in your career from the day you send for it. Read the inspiring records of Students in every branch of administration and in Matriculation, Professional and Commercial Examinations. Learn how you can obtain free advice from the Careers Adviser.

The School of Accountancy

74 REGENT HOUSE, GLASGOW, C.2
SHELL HOUSE, JOHANNESBURG

'Are you free this evening?'

LA FRANCE AU COMBAT

Untarnishable!

THE Smithsonian Institution, Washington, is about to receive from the Siamese Ambassador's wife, Princess Wan Waithayakon, a gold thread coat worn in her country on court occasions.

The garment weighs twenty pounds and, although nearly one hundred years old, has never tarnished. It was worn by the Ambassador's father during audiences with the King.

Christian Science Monitor

How History is Written

AN abridged *Biography of J. V. Stalin* has just appeared in Moscow. It is a collective, highly official work, compiled under the direction of Georges Alexandrov, Chief of the Propaganda Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

It contains the following passage relating to the opening of the Second Front in Europe by the Anglo-Americans:

'The situation created at this moment (1944) showed that the Soviet Union was in a position to occupy the whole of Germany and to liberate France without the aid of the Allies. It was this which compelled Churchill, who up to then had been opposed to the opening of a Second Front in Europe, to undertake the invasion of the Continent.'

Combat

Why South African Jails are Full

MR. W. G. HOAL, Director of Prisons, told a committee investigating the use of prison labour in Pretoria that eighty per cent of those who went to jail for short terms went because they could not pay their fines. 'That may be because the magistrates are imposing fines quite out of proportion to a man's ability to pay,' he said. Prisoners were increasing at the rate of about a thousand annually, he added.

It was disclosed that South Africa had a daily average of 26,000 prisoners in its jails—said to be twice the daily average in England, where the population is five times as great.

South Africa

Pearls from Herring

ARTIFICIAL pearls, good imitations of the natural gems found in oysters, are special white glass beads coated with a lacquer containing pearl essence obtained from the scales of herring.

Christian Science Monitor

Fashion Note

HANDBAGS for men are recommended by the Fashion Foundation of America which names President Truman as the nation's smartest-dressed man 'by his choice of hats'.

New York Herald Tribune

Now is Everybody Happy?

GLOUCESTER also decided in favour of Sunday cinemas on Monday.

Gloucestershire Echo

Fair Exchange

NOTICE in a shop window of the North-West: 'Lady with nylons but no tea-set wishes to meet lady with tea-set and no nylons.'

Underwear and Stockings

Secret Weapon

In Oak Ridge, Tenn., a number of local atomic workers refused to have their chests X-rayed, explained that they were afraid of radiation.

Time.

Printed in Gt. Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Proprietors, Review of Reviews Ltd., 43–44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4, and published by Hulton Press Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australasia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian and Newfoundland Magazine Post.